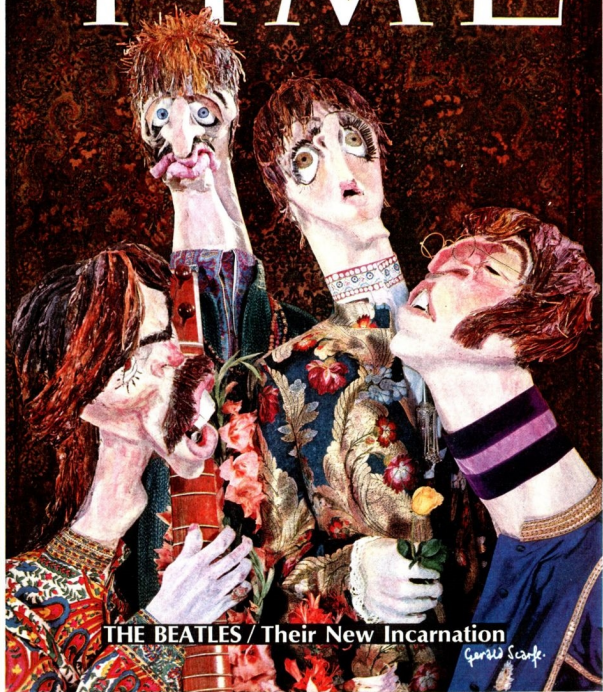


TIME



THE BEATLES / Their New Incarnation

Gerald Scarfe

ALAN CLIFTON

VOL. 90 NO. 12

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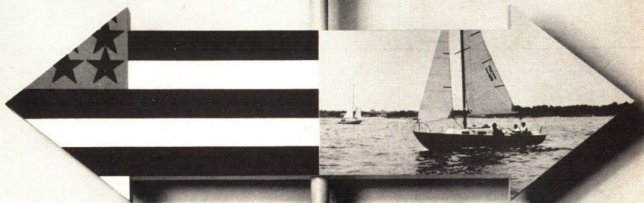
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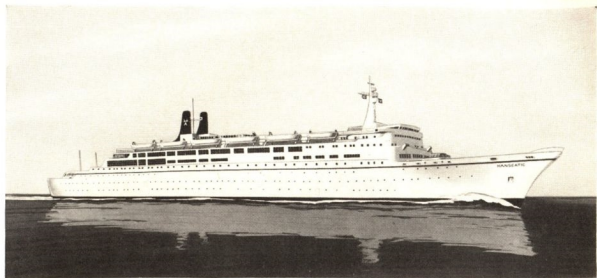
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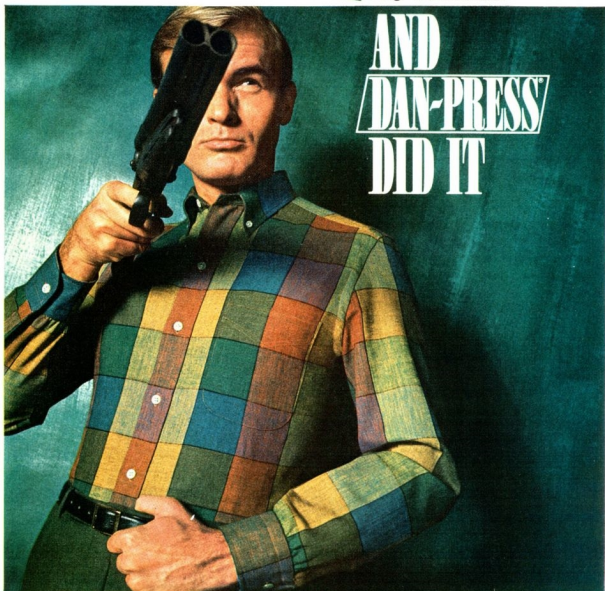
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TIME, SEPTEMBER 22, 1967

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TIME LISTINGS

TELEVISION

Wednesday, September 20

CHRYSLER PRESENTS A BOB HOPE COMEDY SPECIAL (NBC, 9-10 p.m.).^{*} Jimmy Durante, Phyllis Diller, Kaye Stevens and Jack Jones join Old Ski Nose for his first show of the season.

HE & SHE (CBS, 9:30-10 p.m.). Happiness is not being a New York landlord, as Paula Prentiss and Dick Benjamin discover in the latest chapter of this marital situation comedy.

DUNDEE AND THE CULHANE (CBS, 10-11 p.m.). As if one fight weren't enough, in the midst of an Indian raid, Dundee (John Mills) stages a retrieval of a lost case with the trapped Indian fighters as gallery in "Dead Man's Brief."

Thursday, September 21

IRONSIDE (NBC, 8:30-9:30 p.m.). In "The Leaf in the Forest," Raymond Burr as Robert T. Ironside ensnares a psychopathic stranger who preys on lonely old women. Eve Whitfield, disguised as a 70-year-old spinster, acts as foil.

CBS THURSDAY NIGHT MOVIES (CBS, 9-11:30 p.m.). 1960's Academy Award winner, *The Apartment*, with Jack Lemmon, Shirley MacLaine and Fred MacMurray.

GOOD COMPANY (ABC, 10-10:30 p.m.). Attorney F. Lee Bailey casts his cross-examiner's eye on the living habits of *Playboy* Prince Hugh Hefner at home in his 48-room Chicago pad.

Friday, September 22

OFF TO SEE THE WIZARD (ABC, 7:30-8:30 p.m.). Filmed at the Umfolozi Game Reserve in South Africa, "Rhino" recounts the capture of two rare white rhinos and other veld-roaming wild beasts in danger of extinction. Harry Guardino, Shirley Eaton and Robert Culp star.

CBS FRIDAY NIGHT MOVIES (CBS, 9-11 p.m.). John Ford's classic western, *Man Who Shot Liberty Bells* (1962), with James Stewart, John Wayne, Lee Marvin and Vera Miles.

BELL TELEPHONE HOUR (NBC, 10-11 p.m.). In "The Many Faces of Romeo and Juliet," four pairs of stars from four performing arts interpret the famous balcony scene: Jason Robards and Claire Bloom (theater), Sandor Konya and Anna Moffo (opera), Erik Bruhn and Carla Fracci (ballet), Larry Kert and Carol Lawrence (American musical theater).

Saturday, September 23

MANNIX (CBS, 10-11 p.m.). In "Skid Marks on a Dry Run," a politician hires Mannix (Mike Connors) to do a "dry run" investigation on him, anticipating that his political opponent might try to discredit him. Instead of vindicating the politician, Mannix discovers that he is Mafia-connected.

Sunday, September 24

AMERICAN FOOTBALL LEAGUE DOUBLE-HEADER (NBC, 2 p.m. to conclusion). The Boston Patriots v. the Buffalo Bills in Buffalo, and the New York Jets v. the Denver Broncos in Denver.

THE 21ST CENTURY (CBS, 6-6:30 p.m.). Part I of a two-part series about the impact of "The Computer Revolution" on

today's society. This segment looks at an air-traffic-control center, computerized steel mill and typesetting machines.

HOLIDAY ON ICE (ABC, 7-8 p.m.). Jonathan Winters hosts the ice-travaganza featuring such figure-skating champions as The Netherlands' Sjoukje Dijkstra and Germany's Marika Kilius and Hans-Jürgen Baumber. From Frankfurt's Festhalle.

MUTINY ON THE BOUNTY (ABC, 8-11:30 p.m.). Marlon Brando as Mr. Christian, with Trevor Howard, Richard Harris and Hugh Griffith (1962).

Monday, September 25

THE DANNY THOMAS HOUR (NBC, 9-10 p.m.). Geraldine Chaplin, Robert Stack and Michael J. Pollard make "The Scene" in a hippie- v. square-generation drama involving acid and psychedelia.

Tuesday, September 26

AFRICA (ABC, 9:30-10:30 a.m.). Repeat of the second hour from the recent four-hour special, highlighting tribalism and the many problems of Ghana.

CBS REPORTS (CBS, 10-11 p.m.). "The Germans," a study of the land and its people as represented by the citizens of Nürnberg: how they feel about Nazism, democracy, minorities, education, traditions.

RECORDS

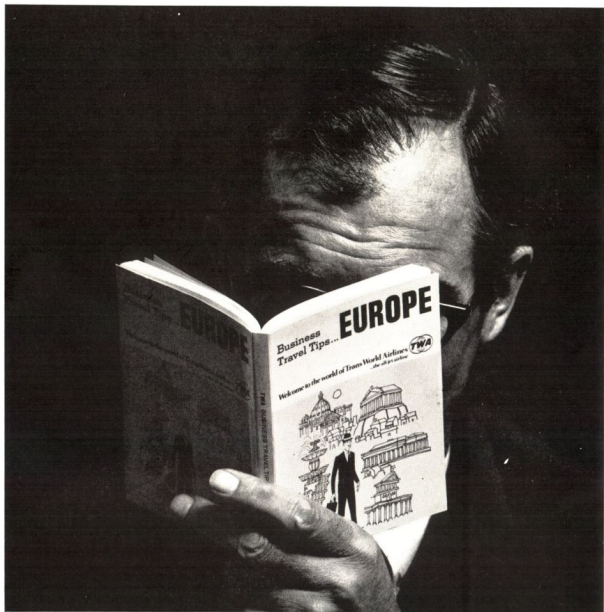
Operatic, Choral & Recital

PUCCHINI: TOSCA (2 LPs; London). Birgit Nilsson's voice is purest gold, and it takes men of equal quality to sing against her. She has found ideal antagonists in this recording: Dietrich Fischer-Dieskau as Tosca's brutally intelligent tormentor and Franco Corelli as her devoted lover are almost overwhelming in their dynamic and masculine artistry. Yet Birgit summons all the fire in her Swedish soul and emulates, if not exactly incarnates, the Latin passions of Tosca, daring anyone to typecast her as merely a Wagnerian soprano. With Conductor Lorin Maazel whipping his orchestra along in unrelenting fury, the album becomes a musical Fort Knox. **ALBAN BERG: WOZZECK** (2 LPs; CBS Masterworks). To many students of music, Berg's masterpiece represents an enduring statement about human nature and musical revolution. To others, it is nothing but a stumble through an atonal desert. This recording will be appreciated by Berg's admirers, for Pierre Boulez's conducting is impeccable, and so is the courage of Walter Berry, who convincingly sings his way to murder and death through the cactus-like orchestration.

PUCCHINI: LA RONDINE (2 LPs; RCA Victor). Magda, Puccini's sad "swallow," is close kin to Verdi's Violetta, the "wayward one." Puccini's little courtesan also leads a gay, cynical life in Paris until she meets her one true love, with whom she flees to the peace of a country villa. Then, to the strains of a rending melody, she leaves her lover when she realizes that her scarlet past would shock his proper parents. Anna Moffo illuminates the most lyrical and substantial elements in her poignant role, and her characterization is nicely set off by Tenors Daniele Barioni and Piero de Palma.

DONIZETTI: L'ELISIR D'AMORE (2 LPs; Angel). *The Elixir of Love* is an 1832 comic opera that is a delightful collection of

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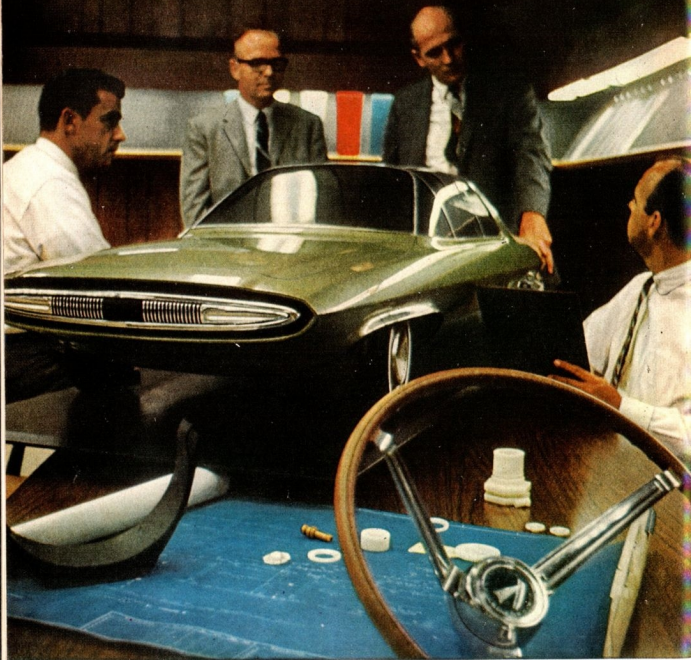
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bouncy silliness couched in florid melody. Mirella Freni and Nicolai Gedda reproduce their entrancing Metropolitan Opera performances of two seasons ago, and they are complemented by the astonishing bass of Renato Capecchi, who combines unbelievable agility with mahogany-like richness in the role of a quack selling a love potion.

STRAVINSKY CONDUCTS CANTATA, MASS and **IN MEMORIAM DYLAN THOMAS** (Columbia). In 1952, Stravinsky worked a near miracle by writing a cantata based on four dirges by anonymous Elizabethan poets. The poems were to be sung at wakes, but they are essentially joyful, expressing a happy vision of death as "a place eternally to sing." Stravinsky's *Mass* is less successful, partly because it was written in reaction against what he called the "ro-coco-operatic sweets-of-sin" in Mozart's masses. Most musical tastes will find it dry and detached, though others will find this characteristic a virtue. Dylan Thomas died just before he was able to write a proposed libretto for Stravinsky; the composer set "Do Not Go Gentle into That Good Night" to uncomprehendingly sad music in honor of his friend.

A RICHARD STRAUSS SONG RECITAL: MONTERRAT CABALLÉ (RCA Victor). This album offers little opportunity for either Caballé or Strauss fans to cheer. Caballé's forte is the Spanish and the bel canto repertoire, where she can spin out her show-stopping pianissimos. However interesting it is to hear Strauss's songs, he was more compelling in the composition of his horror-ridden yet beautiful grand operas.

CINEMA

CLOSELY WATCHED TRAINS. In this story of a young man beginning life as a train dispatcher, Czech Director Jiří Menzel mixes the real and the surreal, ribaldry and pathos, comedy and tragedy, yet keeps the film on the track all the way.

THE THIEF OF PARIS. Jean-Paul Belmondo plays a burglar in turn-of-the-century France, manages only to steal the picture, which, because of its disjointedness, just misses being worth the effort.

THE BIG CITY. Director Satyajit Ray expertly dissects a slice of Indian life and shows how a young Bengali couple copes with Calcutta's modern realities while bound to an ancient morality.

UP THE DOWN STAIRCASE. Sandy Dennis is expert, as always. But it is the kids themselves (recruited from the New York City streets) who give the ring of truth to this glossy rendering of Bel Kaufman's novel about a teacher's problems in a slum-area high school.

THE BIRDS, THE BEES AND THE ITALIANS. Adultery—Italian style, by *Divorce—Italian Style* Director Pietro Germi. Virna Lisi supplies the sugar and spice. Really quite nice.

BOOKS

Best Reading

RANDALL JARRELL, 1914-1965, edited by Robert Lowell, Peter Taylor and Robert Penn Warren. A posthumous appreciation of a minor poet and major critic written by his friends, most of them eminent writers whom he served as unofficial custodian of artistic conscience.

CHARLOTTE BRONTË: THE EVOLUTION OF GENIUS, by Winifred Gérin. This biography of the most prolific and active of the Brontë sisters plumbs the sources of

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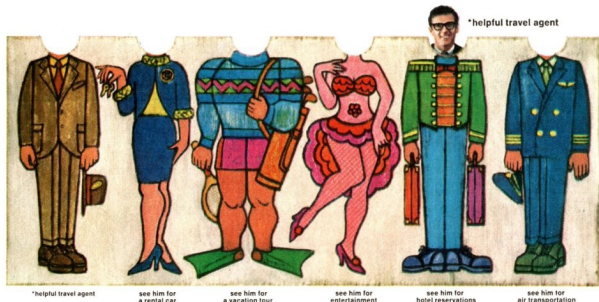
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MUTUAL OF NEW YORK

THE MUTUAL LIFE INSURANCE COMPANY OF NEW YORK, NEW YORK, N.Y.

TIME, SEPTEMBER 22, 1967

Charlotte's strength (her realism) and her weakness (sentimental romanticism).

THE COLD WAR AS HISTORY, by Louis J. Halle. A clear, compelling study of U.S. and Russian maneuvers from 1945 to 1962 by a former State Department aide who strips away the participants' emotions to observe the heart of one of history's most significant conflicts.

A HALL OF MIRRORS, by Robert Stone. A first novelist writing about low life in New Orleans shows a particular gift for well-developed characters and dialogue.

NEW AMERICAN REVIEW: NUMBER 1, New American Library. A lively blend of the best contemporary avant-garde fiction, nonfiction, poetry and criticism collected in a commendable effort to sell quality in quantity in the paperback market.

GOGG, by Andrew Sinclair. A bizarre fable—or parable—about an amnesiac giant who makes a bewildering pilgrimage through history in quest of himself.

DUBLIN: A PORTRAIT, by V. S. Pritchett, with photographs by Evelyn Hofer. Poetic photography adds luster to a distinguished prose picture of Dublin's streets and people.

STAUFFENBERG, by Joachim Kramarz. A German historian tells the story of the aristocratic colonel whose attempt to assassinate Hitler with a planted bomb was foiled by freakish chance.

AN OPERATIONAL NECESSITY, by Gwyn Griffin. A fast-paced World War II sea yarn that dramatizes the futility of applying humane law to war.

NICHOLAS AND ALEXANDRA, by Robert K. Massie. The events that led to the Kerevsky revolution and the Bolshevik coup d'état are told in terms of the two royal Romanovs, seen as neither ogres nor icons but as tragic simpletons.

RIVERS OF BLOOD, YEARS OF DARKNESS, by Robert Conot. Through the inchoate words and deeds of the Watts rioters, a Los Angeles newsman evokes the agonies of the big-city ghetto.

INCREDIBLE VICTORY, by Walter Lord. By rebalancing the Pacific campaign on the fulcrum of the Battle of Midway, a noted teller of sea stories (*A Night to Remember*, *Day of Infamy*) shows why Japan lost World War II.

Best Sellers

FICTION

1. The Arrangement, Kazan (1 last week)
2. The Chosen, Potok (4)
3. The Plot, Wallace (3)
4. A Night of Watching, Arnold (6)
5. Rosemary's Baby, Levin (8)
6. Washington, D.C., Vidal (7)
7. The Eighth Day, Wilder (5)
8. Night Falls on the City, Gainham (2)
9. An Operational Necessity, Griffin (9)
10. All the Little Live Things, Stegner

NONFICTION

1. The New Industrial State, Galbraith (1)
2. A Modern Priest Looks at His Outdated Church, Kavanaugh (2)
3. Our Crowd, Birmingham (3)
4. Anyone Can Make a Million, Shulman (8)
5. At Ease: Stories I Tell to Friends, Eisenhower (4)
6. Incredible Victory, Lord (7)
7. The Lowyers, Mayer (10)
8. Nicholas and Alexandra, Massie (9)
9. Everything But Money, Levenson (5)
10. Edgar Cayce: The Sleeping Prophet, Stearn (6)

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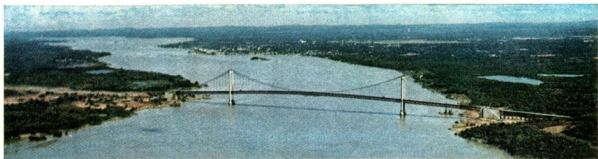
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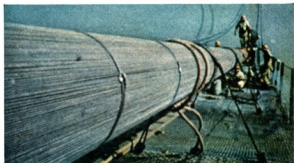


Venezuela's new Angostura Bridge is South America's longest suspension bridge. More important, it is Venezuela's first span across the 1,261-mile-long Orinoco River that splits the country in half. U. S. Steel International,

Ltd., fabricated and erected the record-breaking bridge nearly six months ahead of schedule. And high strength steels innovated by U. S. Steel were used to cut weight and costs as they have done in bridges the world over.



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FIFTH

What these books don't tell you about getting around, your wife wouldn't want you to know anyway.



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The War & Its Conduct

Sir: It seems very reasonable to conclude that if we had entered the Viet Nam war to win [Sept. 8], bombing Hanoi, the dams, bridges, plants and power houses right at the start, instead of waiting till they had assembled the most powerful combination of antiaircraft weapons yet seen, our losses of men and material would have been reduced and the war shortened. A war asinine fought is half lost. Our substitute for a quick victory has pleased no one except the Viet Cong.

CHARLES HAMILTON

Lansing, Mich.

Sir: You note that Americans have remarkably little hatred or fear of their enemy in Viet Nam. It is hard to hate people who are so fed up with fascist governments and foreign intervention that they are able to carry on with stolen and imported weapons and men against the most sophisticated weaponry that U.S. money can buy. "Hatred" doesn't fit; "respect" might be closer to the mark. It might be easier to work up some fear of Ho Chi Minh if he were leading a platoon of Viet Cong down the main street of Honolulu.

It is hard to contemplate being called into military service and asked to go peasant hunting in overseas jungles, risking Claymore-mine explosions at every step, when one cannot realistically hate or fear the enemy, and when one has the haunting feeling that he himself may be the actual aggressor, all things considered. It is, in fact, much easier to fear Mr. Johnson's foreign policy.

NICK NICHOLL

Claremont, Calif.

Sir: A sobering prospect for Americans of all persuasions: what would we do in Southeast Asia if we did win?

FRANK D. WEBB

Wheaton, Ill.

Another Case

Sir: Three cheers for ITT's Harold Geene [Sept. 8], who proves that there's nothing wrong with ambition that can't be cured by a lot of success. TIME's explanation of this fascinating man's awesome complex company was first rate—and your exposition on the question "What is a conglomerate?" is the first one I've read that makes any sense.

SAUNDERSON MACGOWAN

Chicago

Sir: Sosthènes Behn was one of the last grand old gentlemen of finance, at ease with king or laborer alike. ITT represented, to its thousands of workers, one man, who commanded their fierce loyalty, love and admiration. I am glad Colonel Behn did not live to see his dream become a giant conglomerate, where the personal touch and human values are lost in the balance sheet, drowned in the quest for the almighty dollar.

MRS. SOSTHÈNES BEHN II

Cascais, Portugal

Sir: Ever try to rectify an erroneous billing by the Puerto Rico Telephone Company?—grown men have been known to cry! Ever try to get a telephone in the Virgin Islands? Ever try to get the operator?—busy signals for hours on end. Ever get charged a service charge for placing a long distance call that doesn't answer? Ever see thousands of inhabitants with no telephones for years?—look at Puerto Rico and ITT. Maybe President Geeneen hasn't opened that attaché case yet!

JOHN BAKER

St. Thomas, Virgin Islands

Campaign Sonos

Sir: The race to fill Congressman Younger's seat in San Mateo County, Calif., has been in full swing for several months, with the men whom you so casually dismiss as "six other Republicans and three Democrats" running hard [Sept. 8]. It appeals to me that you should devote a full column to Shirley Temple Black, without giving a word's consideration to the positions and experience of her opponents. Any of them seems eminently better qualified to serve as Congressman than she.

KATHARINE B. LAFOND

San Diego

Sir: The thought of Shirley Temple Black in Congress makes me a good deal sicker than *Night Games* ever did.

DALE M. HELLEGERS

Manhattan

Sir: I liked her when she sang *On the Good Ship Lollipop* and I like the song she sings now even better.

GENEVIEVE M. DWIGGINS

University City, Mo.

Sir: The country has been ruined by a man's point of view—why not listen to an intelligent woman?

MURIEL LYONS

Sacramento

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Brain Drain

Sir: The rather pathetic statement of Governor Romney that he was brainwashed in Viet Nam by the generals and diplomats [Sept. 15] raises two important questions: How can we trust the presidency to a man whose brain is so weak that it can be washed, without even the duress usually applied in such circumstances? How much brain is there in a candidate for the presidency who can publicly make such an asinine admission?

HARRY W. SCHACTER

Manhattan

On the Heights

Sir: Re your article on the Battle of Golan Heights between Israel and Syria [Sept. 1]: of course it was understood that the odds against Israel were great. But your analysis reports just how great the odds were on this front alone. I have been following your reports of the recent Arab-Israeli war, and must compliment you for your detailed and impartial views.

LES KEITH

Brooklyn

Sir: Only the handful of men subjected for 20 years to the Syrian campaign of war by assassination could have been expected to stage the triumph of the ultimate of desperation you have described so well in this battle. And hardly even then. Every sentence of your story is a new amazement.

DOUGLAS SEYMOUR

Christchurch, N.Z.

It Figures

Sir: Your essay on statistics [Sept. 8] correctly urges readers to be suspicious of the guesstimates that pass for numerical facts. Let's be fair, though. Most of the statistics so freely quoted are produced and used by persons with no claim to the label statistician. Professionally trained statisticians are much more than number collectors and graph drawers. Sir Ronald Fisher's work proves statistics was not a "grubby business" before computers, and computer age statisticians like Tukey, Savage and Blackwell are far more than "programmers."

You miss the point in suggesting that Dr. Alfred Kinsey's study was criticized primarily for the small sample used. A sample of 5,300, properly chosen, is ample for most purposes. Kinsey's work was criticized for exactly the same reason you say Nielsen's ratings are suspect: the respondents may not be a representative sample from the group they are supposed to represent. If the families willing to have a Nielsen recorder on the TV set are a special class, what about the men willing to discuss their private lives with Dr. Kinsey's researchers?

EDWIN COX

Professor of Business Administration
Boston University
Boston

Sir: You have once again exposed another American folly, that of the "numbers game." As one who works in research, I am aware that the myriad ways in which statistics can lie is directly proportional to the studies employing them.

RICHARD J. HAMERSMA

East Lansing, Mich.

Sir: In exaggerating the snares you discredited the science of statistics. Even though my students affectionately call it "sadsistics," Lord Kelvin's maxim still ap-

"we deliver"

You don't have to tell a man when his shoes fit or last longer than usual—he knows because a shoe wearer is his own shoe expert. That's why Florsheim Quality sells itself better than all the claims we could make. The glow of premium calfskin, the longer wear that lowers cost, are all Florsheim facts of life. That's why more men wear Florsheim Shoes than all other quality makes combined. Because we deliver.

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plies: "Unless you have measured it, you don't know what you are talking about."

JOHN D. LAWREY

Instructor of Psychology
Marymount College
Tarrytown, N.Y.

Ignorance All Around

Sir: The case of Clarence Jackson [Sept. 1] makes an independent businessman's blood boil. Your article stated that Jackson, "could not have guessed what luck, lawyers and the law were about to do to him."

Sorry—wrong culprits! The real villains are surely (1) lazy, vacillating judges who stand aloof from life and decide cases by relying on technicalities cited from so-called relevant decisions instead of studying cases before them and dispensing justice on merit, and (2) the obsolete, phony argument that "ignorance of the law is no excuse."

When law-passing legislators enact millions of laws in these United States, the best excuse for any law violation has to be ignorance. Bureaus and agencies which issue rulings and regulations multiply the mess. Is it not as Dickens wrote, "the law is a ass"?

MELVIN C. COFFMAN
President

Colorado Polytechnic College
Denver

Sir: The luck of Clarence Jackson reads like something out of Dickens. It seems less a question of luck than of a remarkable incompatibility between law and justice. How is it that Sears, Roebuck, having retained this scrofulous attorney and

empowered him to act in its name, does not have the same responsibility for his actions as it would if a clerk shortchanged a customer? Or has it no responsibility there, either? If it is possible for a lawyer to act "ostensibly" for a corporation while in fact pursuing private and nefarious interests, then we have some loose bricks in our legal structure—most of which seem to have fallen on Mr. Jackson's head.

Melrose, Mass.

MRS. GEORGE CUSACK

Sir: This confirmed my suspicions about three sacred cows: the law, lawyers, and Sears, Roebuck.

Earl F. Codner
Tucson, Ariz.

Some Knights Are Still Bold

Sir: Your rundown of freelance writers [Sept. 15] is a put-down leaving a blunted impression. Many of us, for example, reject a good deal more than 20% of the articles we are asked to write. Many of us, also, though in our late 30s, still find ourselves constantly rejecting offers of "other ways to make money"—such as editing. But the main point is, I think, that most of us still like to approach writing—whether for magazines or books or newspaper supplements—more for the sake of expression than income, more in search of truth than rewards; and we are not so much caught up in "an American dream" as still seeking ways to resolve the American nightmares.

You neglected to mention that there are very few full-time freelancers; almost all of us have a bag going for us else-

where. Alas, it is indeed a vanishing profession; but when was it otherwise?

JOSH GREENFIELD
Croton-on-Hudson, N.Y.

And Children, Too

Sir: On reading your story about Sandy Dennis [Sept. 1], it seemed to me I might have given a wrong impression to your interviewer. We discussed Sandy's "shyness" with most people other than those she has known a long time. I pointed out that her main interests aside from acting were reading, her home, and her animals. In that context, I meant to convey that because of her shyness, she would naturally respond to animals easier than to most people. I could have, with honesty, also included her natural and loving response to children and theirs to her.

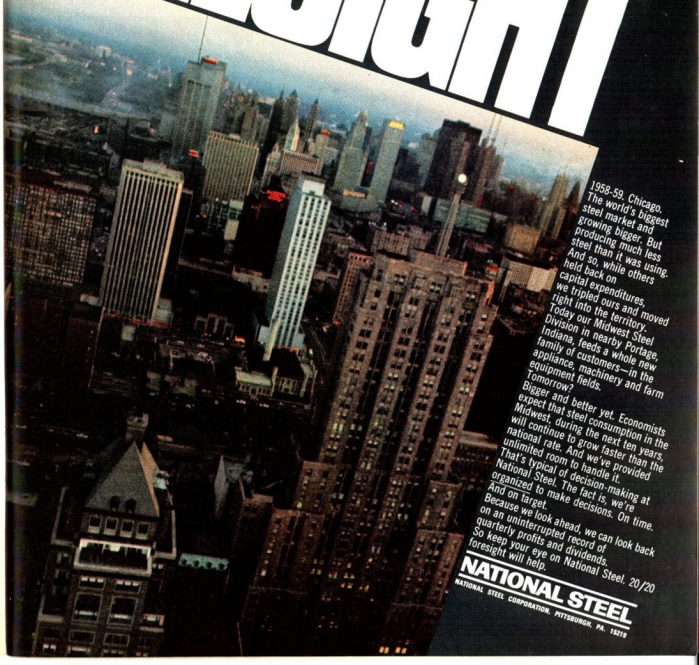
BARBARA BAXLEY
Weston, Conn.

Hunt for Diana

Sir: In your item on "Diana" [Sept. 1], you state that the model was Nellie Fitzpatrick. I grew up believing that my mother's cousin, Annette Wildey, posed for this statue. We were told that no one outside our family knew who the model was. It came as a shock to read the name you gave. It is possible that she used her mother's maiden name (which I've never known) in order to spare the family "disgrace." Annette Wildey is no longer living, but I would like to perpetuate her memory by attaching her real name to the lovely Diana.

(MRS.) VIRGINIA C. PURDY
Brooklyn

20/20 FORESIGHT

An aerial photograph of the Chicago skyline, showing numerous skyscrapers and buildings. The image is tilted slightly to the right, matching the angle of the title text.

1958-59, Chicago. The world's biggest steel market and growing bigger. But producing much less steel than it was using. And so, while others held back on capital expenditures,

we tripled ours and moved right into the territory.

Today our Midwest Steel Division in nearby Portage, Indiana, feeds a whole new family of customers—in the appliance, machinery and farm equipment fields.

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That's typical of decision-making at National Steel. The fact is, we're organized to make decisions. On time. And on target.

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On the road, you'll be reminded of the Continental ride as you glide gently over dips and road seams. That's because we actually took seven ride ideas from the Continental. They include the broad-shouldered stance, the weight distribution, and front suspension that give Mercury its fine car ride.

You'll feel the Fine Car Touch in Mercury. The seats are

18 inches deep, and padded with 2½ inches of foam. And covered with stunning fabrics, many of them studded with tiny air holes that breathe to keep you cool.

The Fine Car Touch is a quiet thing. Mercury has 123 pounds of sound insulation to give you the luxury of silence.

There are 16 models of Mercury '68, including the new swept-back Park Lane (right) and the Mercury Brougham (below). Engine choices up to 428 cu. in. V-8. Drive Mercury. See what a difference it makes to own a car with the Fine Car Touch.

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Mercury Park Lane 2-door hardtop with new swept-back roof



Mercury Brougham 4-door hardtop

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In most bars, you only catch our side show.

"Bartender friend," we asked, "why don't you show our Ballantine's bottle front side out? It looks better that way."

"Ballantine friend," he said, "did you ever work a busy Friday night behind the bar, with a lot of people wanting a lot of drinks? If you reached for your bottle as often as I do, you'd slip it in sideways. It's easier to get hold of."

That's what he said.

We shut up.

Any man who
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Ballantine's is all good.

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The Great Profile.

TIME, SEPTEMBER 22, 1967

Look-alikes don't last alike



Above: The Gulfstream, Model Y1405, 12" diagonal picture.

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Above:
The Shoreview, Model Y2022,
19" diagonal picture.

Left:
The Dayton, Model Y1820,
16" diagonal picture.

ZENITH
The quality goes in
before the name goes on

TIME

THE WEEKLY NEWSMAGAZINE

September 22, 1967 Vol. 90, No. 12

THE NATION

THE WAR

On the Horizon

The American people may find it hard to believe that the U.S. is winning the war in Viet Nam. They have, after all, been laddled too many oversanguine assurances in the past, only to be confronted later with the familiar due bills of heavier manpower commitments, steeper costs and higher casualties. Nonetheless, one of the most exhaustive inquiries into the status of the conflict yet compiled offers considerable evidence that the weight of U.S. power, 2½ years after the big build-up began, is beginning to make itself felt. Within the next 18 months or so, White House officials maintain, the increasing impact of that strength may bring the enemy to the point where he could simply be unable to continue fighting.

Because Lyndon Johnson fears that the U.S. public is in no mood to accept its optimistic conclusions, he may never permit the report to be released in full. Even so, he is sufficiently impressed with the findings—and sufficiently anxious to make their conclusions known—to permit the experts who have been working on it to talk about it in general terms. Highlights:

► Bombing of the North, while it cannot alone prove decisive, is putting so great a strain on Hanoi that before long a major break will ensue. Last spring, U.S. Air Force Lieut. General William ("Spike") Momyer, commander of the bombing war in Viet Nam, devised a tactic known as "pursuit-of-a-target system" that puts relentless pressure on the North's transportation network. Instead of blasting a road or bridge and then leaving it alone for a while, the system calls for flyers to make continuous "multiple cuts" in roads and rail lines, trapping trains and trucks between the gaps and leaving them exposed to U.S. planes (see THE WORLD). Last week's strikes at Haiphong and Cam Pha, the North's first and third biggest ports, signaled a shift to the next step—isolating the ports by blasting roads, marshaling yards and rail sidings around dock areas.

► Antiaircraft and SAM-missile fire from the ground has fallen off dramatically in some areas, thanks largely to shortages of shells and missiles. This has been reflected by a decline in the ratio of U.S. planes lost to sorties flown. Further, there has been a drop in the

number of bomb loads that had to be jettisoned by U.S. flyers in order to combat pursuing MIGs, now considerably less in evidence.

► In the South, Viet Cong strength is dropping. Recruitment, once thought to be adding 7,000 men per month to guerrilla ranks, is now estimated to be running at only 3,500. One result has been a decline in terrorist incidents from 2,700 to 1,700 a month. While estimates of either side's effective control

them a bloody defeat, there has been little doubt that American power would eventually tell. Fittingly, in a White House ceremony last week, Johnson awarded a Presidential Unit Citation for valor to Lieut. General Harry Kinnard in behalf of the 1st Cavalry Division (Airmobile) which he commanded in that hard-fought action.

Moreover, the U.S. has plans afoot to make things even more difficult for Hanoi. Defense Secretary Robert Mc-



JOHNSON & KINNARD (CENTER) AT WHITE HOUSE 1ST CAV CITATION CEREMONY

A skeptical reaction, however accurate the appraisal.

over the populace have always been suspect, the Administration figures that the South Vietnamese civilians under guerrilla rule now total some 25% of the country's 17 million people (v. more than 40% under outright Viet Cong control or in sharply contested areas at the beginning of 1965). A telling piece of evidence is the flight of more than 1,000,000 South Vietnamese to the cities in the past year. Whatever their reasons—war-weariness, the lure of jobs or plain fear of the guerrillas—their exodus has markedly reduced the Viet Cong's rural base.

Wearing Thin. As marshaled by the White House, the evidence strongly indicates that Hanoi's resources may be wearing thin. In fact, ever since the battle of the Ia Drang Valley in late 1965, when U.S. troops first engaged the Communists in a major battle and handed

Namara's plan to lay an electronic barrier across the demilitarized zone aims at reducing Hanoi's ability to slip men and supplies into the South. The barrier is expected to run into Laos as well, which will vastly increase Hanoi's difficulties, since many infiltration routes make an end run around the North-South border and snake through Laos.

However accurate it may prove to be, any such appraisal from the White House is bound to stir a skeptical reaction. For a growing number of Republican leaders, in particular, no amount of rosy predictions will conceal the fact that Lyndon Johnson is vulnerable on the war issue. That conviction was reinforced during the Labor Day recess, when vacationing Congressmen sounded out their constituents. Said Kentucky's Republican Senator Thru-

ROLAND SCHERMAN



CANDIDATE GAVIN



GENERAL MOMYER

The task is not to pander but to lead.

ston Morton: "The people I talked to a year ago were saying, 'Bomb hell out of that little country.' Now they're saying, 'Get out.' They're frustrated."

Accordingly, more and more Republicans are seeking ways to exploit this frustration by hanging the war on the President. "Some of us are going in different directions," said one Republican leader, "but we don't differ in our basic objective: to disengage ourselves from the Johnson policies."

Self-Propelled Candidate. One prominent disengager—from Johnson as well as from Viet Nam—is retired Lieut. General James Gavin, who was U.S. Ambassador to France during the Kennedy Administration and is now trying to promote himself among G.O.P. moderates as a peace candidate. Last week in San Francisco, while conceding that Viet Nam is "the best fought and least understood war in history," he said flatly: "We shouldn't be there." Next week a draft-Gavin group will run a full-page ad in the New York Times. That may well prove the high point of his candidacy.

One Republican whose cooperation will be crucial for a truly effective attack on the President is having none of it—at least for the time being. He is Senate Minority Leader Everett M. Dirksen, who, significantly, is scheduled to head the Republican Platform Committee at the 1968 presidential convention in Miami, and thus may have a good deal to say about the party's Viet Nam policy, before and during the campaign. Shrugging off the efforts of House Republican leaders to dissociate themselves from the President's Viet Nam policy, Dirksen declared gruffly: "They offer no alternative. Do we quit? Do we stop the bombing? There has to be an alternative. You don't declare a holiday in war unless both sides are willing to go to the table. There have been no indications that the other side will talk."

On the other hand, by breaking with the President without offering a closely reasoned alternative, said Dirksen, "you only strengthen Ho Chi Minh's determination to hang on. That's been the trouble right along."

In similar vein, Richard Nixon told an interviewer that it would be disastrous for a Republican presidential nominee to run on a "peace-at-any-price" platform in 1968. "This would be a Pyrrhic victory the candidate might win," said Nixon, "but the Republican President would soon have another war on his hands." Nixon took note of the growing peace sentiment within the U.S. but added that the task for a presidential contender is not to pander to this sentiment but to exert forceful leadership.

DEFENSE

Green Light for ABM

For nearly a year the U.S. has been trying to talk Russia out of deploying an anti-ballistic-missile network around key Soviet cities. Such a move, President Johnson argued, would force the U.S. to erect a shield of its own at immense cost, thereby imposing "on our peoples and on all mankind an additional waste of resources with no gain in security to either side." But the Russians, with their own hawk-dove divisions to worry about, were not listening. Now, discouraged by the Soviet response, alarmed at the looming menace of China as a nuclear power and buffeted by intense congressional pressure, the Administration has made a far-reaching decision. In a speech prepared for delivery this week in San Francisco, Defense Secretary Robert McNamara announced that the U.S. plans to begin deploying a limited ABM system based on the Army's Nike X.

Spartan & Sprint. As presently envisioned, the system will not handle what defense theorists call a "sophis-

ticated attack." Such an attack would involve 400 to 600 incoming Soviet missiles traveling at 18,000 m.p.h., carrying devices aimed at confusing U.S. radar and bristling with multiple warheads. Rather, the network will be designed to cope with a "primitive attack," involving the sort of strike that Peking may be capable of mounting by the 1970s. Total cost of this "thin" or "austere" defense, as the Pentagon calls it, is estimated at \$3.5 billion.

For the present, the Administration will need no additional funds. The current \$70 billion defense budget, approved only last week, includes \$817 million for development and deployment of the system; another \$168 million was appropriated last year for work on Nike X but never used. The decision to deploy the "thin" defense does not preclude future agreement with Moscow—though once U.S. and Russian ABMs are in place, it will be difficult to dismantle them. Further, the thin line could later be thickened if U.S. strategists concluded that Moscow posed a real threat of a missile attack.

The system will depend on "over-the-horizon" radar, now being perfected, to spot missiles as they leave launch pads in China or Russia, 30 minutes' flight time from the U.S. Once the on-rushing rockets are detected, two types of anti-missiles will be deployed. One is the long-range Spartan, designed to intercept enemy missiles 400 miles above the earth; the other is the short-range Sprint, whose job is to cope with any missiles that escape Spartan's nuclear net at levels under 100,000 ft.

The austere defense is not designed to protect urban centers but to preserve the land-based U.S. missile arsenal for a devastating retaliatory strike. That arsenal, consisting of 1,000 Minutemen and 54 Titan IIs, is more than double Russia's stockpile of 470 land-based missiles. But London's Institute for Strategic Studies reported last week that the Russians are closing the gap; as for the Chinese, the I.S.S. noted that they have begun test-firing a missile with a 400-mile range.

Political Megatonnage. It was not only the fear of foreign attack that forced the Administration's hand. During the launching of the nation's 92nd nuclear-powered submarine in Groton, Conn., two weeks ago, Rhode Island's Democratic Senator John Pastore, chairman of the Joint Atomic Energy Committee, warned ominously, "With all our offensive power, our defense posture could be our Achilles' heel." Washington's Democratic Senator Henry M. Jackson leaked word that he would hold hearings on the ABM—and Lyndon Johnson was aware that they would pack plenty of political megatonnage. Richard Nixon called on the Administration to "go ahead at all costs" with an anti-missile system. This pressure—plus the gnawing fear that the U.S. might be underestimating Chinese and Soviet missile progress—prompted the President to flash the green light.

LABOR

The New Militancy

In Des Moines, a strike by municipal employees filled the city with the stench of uncollected garbage and untended sewers. In New York, Detroit and other scattered spots around the nation, teachers picketed their own schools, forcing hundreds of thousands of children to play hooky (see EDUCATION). Forty-two thousand copper workers in half a dozen states stayed off the job for the ninth week, while a violent walkout of steel truckers in Pennsylvania, Ohio and Indiana interrupted vital steel shipments.

The vast River Rouge complex outside Detroit was eerily still in what should have been one of its busiest weeks. Across the country, 92 other Ford plants were shuttered in the second week of a United Auto Workers walkout. And at Manhattan's Radio City Music Hall for the first time in 35 years, the famed Rockettes, all 46 of them, refused to lift another shapely leg onstage until they were given a minimum of \$140 a week (they now earn \$99 to start).

Worse & Still Worse. It was all too clear already that 1967 was shaping up as the biggest year of labor strife in more than a decade. In the first six months, reports the Labor Department, more man-days (14,470,000) were lost to strikes than in any like period since 1953. About the only hopeful development last week was an apparent end to the impasse between the railroads and six shopcraft unions. As ordered by a presidential arbitration panel, acting un-

der an extraordinary congressional mandate, the railroads will grant an 11% wage increase over two years to 137,000 workers. The settlement was unexpectedly generous to the unions.

Even so, the rail panel's recommendation was probably not much more than the unions could have got on their own—if they had been allowed by Congress to strike. For U.S. labor is in an aggressive mood; unions are demanding, and most often getting, more than they have been accustomed to. The 3.2% voluntary ceiling on wage increases that President Johnson promoted so vigorously only a year ago has gone the way of the great consensus; hardly anyone even bothers to talk about, much less follow, the 5% guideline that succeeded it.

Answers in Part. What accounts for labor's militancy? One reason is prosperity. In a time of low unemployment (now 3.8%), the worker commands a premium. Other goads are inflation and ever rising local and state taxes—not to mention the threat of a new 10% federal surtax (see following story). In their drive for higher wages, union members are rejecting one-seventh of the contracts accepted by their leaders.

Labor's militancy is also prompted in part by inter- and intra-union rivalries, which force each faction to try to win more than its competitor. A bitter feud between the A.F.L.-C.I.O.-affiliated American Federation of Teachers and the older National Education Association has escalated teachers' demands in the past few years. Similarly, Walter Reuther may have been less ready for his U.A.W. to settle with Ford because of his own longstanding differences with A.F.L.-C.I.O. President George Meany.

Baloney about Money. Yet there is a new psychological mood behind the 1967 strikes. Industrial shutdowns, after all, are hardly novel, but mass strikes of teachers and municipal employees, who supply services essential to an or-

derly community, are unprecedented in the U.S.—and ominous in every way. Teachers, in particular, seem to have inherited their aggressiveness from the civil rights movement, which has demonstrated that sometimes the best way to get what is wanted or needed is simply to take it, regardless of laws or traditions. "Let the politicians stop playing patsy," said a striking New York teacher, who could never be confused with kindly Mr. Chips—or an old-fashioned grammarian. "This is baloney about not having the money. They can dig it up if they want it bad enough."

THE ECONOMY

Moribund Surtax

As Chairman Wilbur Mills impatiently twirled his cigarette holder and fired off barbed questions, seven leading economists trooped before the House Ways and Means Committee last week to support the Administration's call for a 10% surtax on personal and corporate incomes. Well over 300 academic economists mobilized by Walter W. Heller, former chairman of the President's Council of Economic Advisers, added their written endorsement. Then came businessmen declaring themselves fit to be tithed and a covey of Administration officials pleading for higher taxes.

They differed on details but demonstrated a remarkable consensus: prompt imposition of a surtax is vital to curb inflation in an overheating economy, reduce a Government deficit that may hit \$29 billion this fiscal year and head off a repetition of the credit squeeze that rocked business in 1966.

Chaos & Catastrophe. "The economy is moving on a course of rapid expansion," said William McChesney Martin, chairman of the Federal Reserve Board and the man who most of all persuaded the President to seek the surtax. Listing rises in retail sales, personal incomes, housing construction and



DES MOINES CITY MANAGER HANGED IN EFFIGY BY STRIKING CITY WORKERS



ROCKETTES TROOPING MANHATTAN PICKET LINE

All too clear that 1967 will be the biggest year in more than a decade.

industrial production, an increase in inventories and order backlogs and a drop in unemployment, Martin found "clear and compelling evidence" of inflation. "An environment of rampant inflation," warned former Treasury Under Secretary Robert V. Roosa, "will afford little opportunity for the considered development of any national policy, domestic or foreign." Roosa forecast economic dislocation "bordering on chaos" unless action was taken soon.

"The combination of Government v. private borrowing," cautioned Walter B. Wriston, president of First National City Bank of New York, "already has caused interest rates for everyone to rise. It will get worse, much worse, in the absence of the tax surcharge." And Sidney J. Weinberg, a senior partner of Goldman, Sachs & Co., prophesied "catastrophic developments in capital and credit markets" without the tax.

Slow Motion. But as Chairman Mills prepared to lead his committee into executive sessions behind locked doors, the White House was ready to abandon hope for a new tax, at least for this year. "I think the boys are just going to stand around the campfire for a couple of weeks," said Republican Representative Herman T. Schneebeli, a member of Mills's committee. "It's going to be a study in slow motion." Ranged against the experts are Congressmen who must face the voters next year; even as Congress voted a record \$70 billion appropriation for defense, they were showing no inclination to vote the taxes to pay for it.

Returning from the Labor Day recess, legislators reported an overwhelming feeling against the tax among their constituents; a clear majority of 240 House members is already on record against it. Even many liberals who are leary of thwarting the President are con-

cealing their opposition by first pressing for reforms to plug tax loopholes. Laments a Democratic House leader: "A tax bill would be defeated by 100 votes if we brought it up today."

The President's last hope is for a change of heart by Mills. So far, however, the chairman has had scarcely a kind word for the bill. Apart from the political hazards of voting an unpopular new tax, the Arkansan is innately skeptical of economic prognosticators and—despite the almost-unanimous verdict of his witnesses—far from persuaded by their predictions of an inflationary spiral. On the contrary, Mills fears that added taxes may have the opposite effect of stifling growth. And he is unconvinced that \$6 billion raised by the surtax can make a real dent in the deficit or make it easier to manage.

Guns & Necessities. Instead, like many other Congressmen, the Ways and Means chairman argues that the President cannot afford to fight on two fronts, simultaneously battling the Viet Cong and domestic poverty, without making sacrifices. Johnson, echoed ranking Republican Committeeman John W. Byrnes, must tell the people: "We can't afford the gravy and the butter—we've got to get down to the guns and the necessities." Before he will change his mind, Mills insists that the President must slash billions from housekeeping bills and defer new projects, as the U.S. has always done in wartime.

But this is something that Lyndon Johnson cannot do. The cuts Mills demands would not stop at trimming fat from Government spending. They would gouge deep into the muscle and bone of the Great Society, gutting programs that the President believes he must have to alleviate the nation's manifold domestic ills. His reiterated assurance that the U.S. is rich enough to honor its commitments in Viet Nam and fight poverty at home reflects his conviction that regardless of the cost in treasure, the U.S. cannot afford to wobble on either.

REPUBLICANS

The Non-Candidates

With ten months to go before the Republican Convention, every professed non-candidate last week was waging his non-campaign in his own noncommittal way. George Romney found his way out of the washing machine and into the ghetto. Nelson Rockefeller hummed *September Song*. Ronald Reagan transferred his pragmatic ire from Berkeley to the conduct of the war. And Richard Nixon, purring like a tabby at the cream bowl, mourned the decline of American prestige abroad.

On a 19-day tour of the nation's slums, Michigan's Governor did his best to erase memories of Viet Nam and his "brainwashed" gaffe. Conveyed by a horde of reporters and photographers, Romney loped through Negro districts in Detroit, Washington, Rochester and New York. "What's all this white trash



ROMNEY & ROMNEY IN NEW YORK CITY
Reminder about women and politicians.

doin' round here?" asked one Negro woman as she made way for the Romney cavalcade in Washington. Nonetheless, the response in the slums was generally enthusiastic. "I think he's a cool dude," said Rufus ("Catfish") Mayfield, head of PRIDE, a Negro self-help organization in the capital. "I mean he's O.K."

Inside Happenings. In the hope of nudging other Republicans to the same conclusion, Romney detoured the poverty pilgrimage long enough for a chat with New York's Mayor John Lindsay and a 2½-hour political strategy dinner with Governor Rockefeller, the Michigander's strongest backer. Though he could write a Baedeker on New York's slums and the avoidance of riots, Lindsay decided not to join Romney on a trip through Bedford-Stuyvesant and Harlem. "I think it is better if he goes alone rather than be inhibited by the presence of other officials," the mayor said delicately. "In other words," a newsman asked, "it's best that the Governor is not 'brainwashed'?" "I didn't say that," laughed Lindsay. "You're being naughty."

Rocky, for his part, remained rigidly faithful to Romney, and ignored Republican moderates who insist that he rev up his own well-oiled presidential machine. All of a sudden the mellow elder statesman, Rockefeller allowed: "Something happens in life and you lose ambition because you have fulfillment. There are things that happen inside. I'm not a psychiatrist or a psychologist. I can't analyze it for you exactly. But I just don't have the ambition or the need or inner drive—or whatever the word is—to get in again. I've never been happier or more relaxed or getting more enjoyment or satisfaction out of what I'm doing."

Wish & Fact. Many Republicans—inspired perhaps by wish as much as fact—continued to believe that Rocky dreams privately of still greater enjoyment and satisfaction in Washington. Rockefeller's family even inclined to that view. "I remind you," noted Nelson's younger brother, Arkansas' Gov-



MARTIN (LEFT) & MILLS AT HEARING
Fit to be tithed, fine by the campfire.

ernor Winthrop, "that women and politicians have the right to change their minds." Maryland's Governor Spiro Agnew was more certain than ever that Rockefeller would run. Agnew's candidate for Vice President: California's Governor Reagan.

Reagan himself indicated that he would not consider the No. 2 spot—at least while No. 1 remained vacant and alluring. He chided the Johnson Administration for failing to intensify the war and, for Christmas delivery, taped a television interview for the troops, in which he urged the country to sacrifice a measure of affluence as a visible sign of its support for their efforts. At the same time, a San Francisco Reagan backer, Businessman Leland Kaiser, reported after a visit to New Hampshire that "there is a genuine Reagan groundswell" in that state, and that, despite the Californian's avowed wishes, his name will go on the ballot in the March primary, first in the nation. Rockefeller, however, was certain that, given time, Reagan would find Sacramento just as pleasant a place as he himself found Albany. His California colleague, Rocky remarked sweetly, should be judged as a presidential candidate only after he has been re-elected Governor—that is, some time after 1970.

Meanwhile, Dick Nixon, who has been quietly nailing down delegate pledges for next year's convention, continued to play up his reputation as an internationalist with an article on the future of Asia in *Foreign Affairs* and a speech in Manhattan attacking the Administration's foreign policy. "Seldom," he said, "has a nation been so mistrusted in its purposes or so frustrated in its efforts. The gap is widening between what our spokesmen say and what others believe. Ideas should be our greatest export, and yet in the marketplace of ideas, people of other nations are simply not buying American."

CITIES

Man with a Match

Tucked beneath the bluffs along the Mississippi on its Illinois shore, East St. Louis (pop. 80,000) is a squalid reach of crumbling brick buildings, battered frame shacks and sleazy taverns, redeemed only by a view of St. Louis' soaring Gateway Arch across the river. Poverty workers estimate that an appalling 65% of East St. Louis' housing is substandard; a full 21% of the work force is unemployed; nearly a third of the city's families—55%-60% of them Negroes—are on some form of relief. Fine kindling for riot, and last week Firebrand H. Rap Brown applied the match.

Perched on the hood of a police car and surrounded by ten club-swinging bodyguards, the bouffant-haired Black Power fanatic harangued a crowd of more than 1,000 with his customary oxymoronic oratory, advising his listeners that the U.S. has 13 concentra-

tion camps where it plans to put Negroes and that "America gave us a black astronaut just so's they could lose that nigger in space." Then came the familiar peroration: "Stop singing and start swinging, chump. Get a gun." As the crowd broke up, a Negro girl skipped down the street happily chanting "We're going to have a riot, we're going to have a riot!"

She was right. Shortly after Rap left town, a band of angry Negro youths—many of them from Impact House, a federally funded poverty agency—gathered beneath the neon sign of a liquor store and began aping Brown's agitational frenzy. Soon rocks and bottles were smashing store and car windows; a policeman was shot in the arm by a sniper; another cop blasted a 19-year-old Negro car thief, killing him. Fire bombs



RAP BROWN IN EAST ST. LOUIS
Oxymoronic oratory.

popped, and guttering flames silhouetted the scurrying shapes of looters carrying liquor, meat, window fans, cosmetics, even a drugstore cash register. For three days the violence flared and sputtered. Final tolls: nearly 100 fires, 49 arrests, 13 injuries, one death and some \$200,000 in property damage.

Having left Illinois for Virginia, Rap Brown wound up behind bars after his white attorneys failed to convince Judge Franklin P. Backus of the Alexandria Corporation Court that he should not be held as a fugitive pending extradition to Maryland, where he is charged with inciting the July 24 Cambridge riot. Denied bail, Rap was hustled off to Richmond's escape-proof penitentiary, then to a nearby prison farm for what could be a month-long stay while the extradition battle is resolved. For light reading, he took along the little red book of Mao Tse-tung's thoughts.

Support for the Professionals

Violence in America's cities, a burning issue in the nation today, seems likely to persist as a major theme through the 1968 presidential elections. With that thought in mind, Lyndon Johnson last week flew to Kansas City, Mo., to present the forgotten police chiefs of 350 U.S. and Canadian cities with his own program and prescriptions for coping with urban anarchy. To judge by the reception accorded him at the 74th annual convention of the International Association of Police Chiefs (see THE LAW), the President and the professionals are on the same wave length.

Johnson asked the cops' backing for two riot-related Administration bills: the "safe streets" act, now through the House but still in subcommittee in the Senate, which proposes better pay and training for police; and long-delayed gun legislation that would curb mail-order sales and require a degree of licensing for all small arms. Hitting out at lobbies like the National Rifle Association's, the President maintained that his firearms legislation was well within "due process and in keeping with our tenacious regard for the blessings of individual freedom."

Poisonous Propagandists. In response to the common feeling among police that federal crime and gun laws would infringe on local authority, L.B.J. assured the chiefs: "I did not propose that the Federal Government take over the job of dealing with crime in the streets. Washington cannot patrol a neighborhood in the Far West, stop a burglary in the South, or prevent a riot in a great metropolis."

Johnson's loudest applause—after the round that greeted his support for higher police pay—was evoked by his condemnation of racial violence in the slums. "Much can explain but nothing can justify the riots of 1967," he said. Condemning Black Power agitators, "whose interests lay in provoking others to destruction while they fled its consequences," Johnson declared: "These wretched, vulgar men—these poisonous propagandists—posed as spokesmen for the underprivileged and capitalized on the real grievances of the suffering people."

Big First Step

In the fight against urban slums, one huge reservoir of money and talent—the business community—has been largely overlooked. Now, with a powerful economy mood in Washington blocking any large new federal programs, urban spokesmen, both in Congress and the Johnson Administration, are looking for ways to lure private industry into the ghettos. Business, in turn, seems to be awakening to its opportunities as well as its responsibilities in the cities. Last week, as proof, the nation's life insurance industry pledged to invest \$1 billion in the slums.

Initially, most of the money would

go into housing, one of the most acute needs. Later, funds would also be channeled into new job-producing industries and businesses. Though new safeguards from the Federal Housing Administration would minimize the risks that have hitherto frightened most businessmen away, profits, in the current tight-money market, would unquestionably be lower than they would be from comparable investments elsewhere. Still, as one executive frankly noted, the \$1 billion is a "good, long-range" investment.

Expensive Recording. "We do business with 125 million people in life insurance," he said. "We are interested in anything which will promote the health, wealth and income of the nation." "We want to record ourselves," added Gilbert Fitzhugh, chairman of the Metropolitan Life Insurance Co. and head of the industry committee that formulated the plan, "as sharing in the determination to find ways to improve the quality of life in the cities." As part of that recording, Metropolitan and Prudential, the two giants of the field, each promised \$200 million.

The insurance companies had been closeted with Administration officials for weeks devising the project and President Johnson, who has shied away from any new federal projects in response to the summer riots, praised it as if it were his own, "jubilantly bringing a host of business and municipal leaders to the White House for the announcement. 'What the Government does,' he told the gathering, 'really is only the beginning. Private efforts are not just essential to success—they are central to success.'"

Johnson had more than one reason for praise. The insurance companies' pledge may be the crucial factor in keeping alive his cherished rent-supplement program, which has been killed by the House of Representatives but approved by the Senate Appropriations Committee. Since much of the \$1 billion would finance apartments for tenants supported by the rent supplements, it represents tangible evidence for conservative Congressmen that business not only supports the program, but will also provide more than enough private financing to get it under way. Given the need, even \$1 billion is not a large sum, but as a breakthrough in bringing private enterprise into an area it has traditionally shunned, it may have an importance beyond all accounting.

* A presidential panel investigating insurance coverage in the slums was less kind to property-insurance companies, which, it found, often refuse to give protection simply because a house or business is in a ghetto. The panel suggested that state insurance commissions should allow companies to deny coverage only if a building itself is a high risk, rather than its location. Pointing out that the companies can well afford the risk, the panel noted that insurance losses in this summer's riots, perhaps \$100 million, were still slight in comparison with 1965's Hurricane Betsy, which cost the companies \$715 million.

ELECTIONS

Shibboleth Smasher

Last month he was in the White House reporting to President Johnson on the troubled temper of the nation's cities. Three weeks ago he was in Saigon observing the Vietnamese elections. Fortnight ago he was in Gibraltar watching the plebiscite on whether ownership of the Rock should revert to Spain. Last week Brobdingnagian (6 ft. 5 in., 280 lbs.), peripatetic Richard M. Scammon was back in his office in Washington, busily psephologizing as one of the capital's most sought-after advisers on political trends.

Flypaper Memory. Director of the U.S. Bureau of the Census from 1961 to 1965, Scammon, 52, comes to his role steeped in statistics and unafraid



SCAMMON
Nose for fragrant data.

of conclusions. Vice President Hubert Humphrey, a longtime Minnesota friend, calls Scammon "one of the smartest men in town." adds: "He isn't just a statistician—he's a profound and deep student." British Political Scientist Harold Laski, under whom Scammon studied for a year at the London School of Economics, pronounced him "the ablest American student I ever had." CBS's Washington Commentator Eric Sevareid, a University of Minnesota classmate, ascribes a "flypaper memory" to Scammon, says, "he's always startling you by coming up with the vote in some borough in England in 1872." His mastery of U.S. statistics is even more phenomenal. Scammon can recite from memory the political, social, economic and ethnic characteristics of hundreds of congressional districts throughout the nation.

Such praise results from Scammon's thorough knowledge of a huge bin of sociological statistics, from which he is

able to sniff out the elusive mood of the voters and come up with the right answer. Though he is obviously not always right, he has been so consistently accurate that political bosses, Presidents, Congressmen and Washington observers have come to depend on his analyses. He was, for example, one of the minuscule band of political scientists who thought Harry Truman had a chance to win in 1948.

No. 1 Issue. Scammon's prescience springs in large part from his wide experience in studying people, politics and governments in the U.S. and abroad. He has observed and analyzed elections for the U.S. Government, and, in his capacity as the director of the Elections Research Center of the privately operated Governmental Affairs Institute, in a clutch of other countries, including Russia, Israel and the Dominican Republic. He has served as a senior consultant to the Lou Harris Poll (1959-61), is now chairman of the Select Committee on Western Hemisphere Immigration, a senior research consultant to the National Advisory Commission on Civil Disorders, and wheelhorse of NBC's non-staff election consultants. Between times, Scammon has, somehow, managed to edit all five volumes of *America Votes*, a classic reference work on U.S. elections, and collaborate on *This U.S.A.*, a lively, statistically based debunking of the doomcrier's view of U.S. problems.

Nothing delights Scammon more than smashing shibboleths such as "the good old days." Says he: "The good old days were lousy days. People were pellagra-ridden, ill-housed, uneducated." Other Scammonized shibboleths:

► It is the young and the Negro voter who will determine next year's presidential election. "Wrong," says Scammon. "The typical American voter of 1968 will be un-young, un-poor and un-black."

► The war in Viet Nam will be the No. 1 issue during next year's presidential election. "No. 2," says Scammon. "The No. 1 issue is and will be race. Popular feeling toward Negroes is very bitter, very deep. The depth of the feeling cannot be overestimated."

► Lyndon Johnson cannot possibly lose in 1968. "Of course he can," snaps Scammon. Well, then, Lyndon Johnson cannot possibly win. "Of course he can," repeats Scammon. "If anyone tells you Johnson either can't lose or can't win, then you are wasting your time talking to him. That's the sure sign that a person doesn't know what he's talking about."

Though he calls himself an independent Democrat, Scammon shares his advice with Republican and Democrat alike, sometimes charging upwards of \$100 per diem, frequently giving it freely for the sheer joy of dispensing information. "I'm like the garbage collector," he says. "There is nothing partisan about garbage—and data are neutral too."



ATLANTA CONSTITUTION CARTOON OF MADDOX
Not so Pickrick now.

GEORGIA

The Little Governor

Most Georgians were pleasantly surprised at the moderate pronouncements of Lester Garfield Maddox after he took over the statehouse last January. His critics in the cities had feared the worst from the onetime purveyor of fried chicken and racist pamphlets who earned national notoriety by chasing Negroes away from his Pickrick restaurant in Atlanta at gunpoint. But Governor Maddox seemed to grow in his new job. Racial peace was preserved, his administration was untainted by corruption, and he plunged into work with gusto, opening his office door to "the little man," black or white, whom he had pledged to represent.

Maddox, 51, hired Negroes for state jobs, ordered a sweeping inquiry into Georgia's fetid convict camps, and bustled around greeting one and all with a breezy "Everything Pickrick?" Some of his constituents even took comfort from the Governor's proclivity for picaresque problems. "I'd rather have him clipping my toenails," averred one critic, "than operating on my heart."

Dashed Hopes. But eight months after his inauguration, business and civic leaders no longer view their Governor's performance with such equanimity. The prison probe generated no tangible reforms, and most Maddox innovations have proved to be short-lived palliatives at best. Hopes for better education moved to bar consolidation of schools and began toying with illicit schemes to subsidize all-white private schools with state funds. A plan to alleviate the desperate financial squeeze on Georgia's cities by allowing them to tack 1% onto the state's 3% sales tax was also rejected by Maddox, who has yet to put forward a comprehensive leg-

islative program. "I reckon I'll get around to that soon," he muses.

Industry, which the state had wooed successfully under the progressive, racially moderate administration of Governor Carl Sanders, was less than impressed by Maddox's populist style and outspokenly unhappy over his retrogressive plans for the schools. Nor were prospective clients encouraged when Maddox fired the head of the state's department of industry and trade. As a result, Republican Legislator Rodney Cook, a backer of the industry-seeking Forward Atlanta organization, charges that capital outlay for new factories and expansion of existing plants in the state slumped by \$86 million during the first six months of 1967.

Bingo & Booze. But Maddox has time for other matters. A teetotaling, non-smoking, hard-shell Baptist, he fervently believes that gambling—even church bingo—breeds "drinking, assault and drug addiction." Accordingly, he declared war on all games of chance, although his own furniture store in Atlanta was then raffling off a \$299 sleeper set. He wasted no time combatting Sabbath drinking. Despite a 1964 state law permitting local authorities to set hours for closing bars, state agents obeyed the Governor's orders one Sunday by raiding an Atlanta nightclub at 2 a.m. and hauling away \$5,000 worth of liquor. The owner is suing the Governor, who had invoked an obscure 1938 blue law prohibiting the sale of drink on the Lord's Day.

Hominy & Homilies. Last week, at the Southern Governors' annual conference at Asheville, N.C., Maddox launched into archaic harangues against federal guidelines to desegregate schools, denounced the war on poverty ("It's breeding a generation of bums"), sneered at his fellow Governors for howling to the "King" in Washington. He also voted down an ambitious long-term program for complete integration of the South's Negro colleges. Maddox's peers either snubbed him or ignored him, and an Atlanta Constitution cartoon showed the Governor returning from the meeting with a black eye.

Maddox's antics have endeared him more than ever to his supporters in the red clay counties he calls "Maddox country." But the diet of hominy and homilies from the Governor's office is gritting city dwellers' teeth. "I'm afraid," sighs an Atlanta official, "we are in for four years of triviality."

THE CAPITAL

The Real Charlie

It isn't every day that a father can shed a political liability and gain a son-in-law. If he had been programmed on a Pentagon computer, Marine Captain Charles S. Robb, the 28-year-old White House social aide who sought and won Lynda Bird Johnson's hand, could not have turned out better for the President, who had made no secret of his displeasure over Lynda's long ro-

mance with draft-deferred Actor George Hamilton. Robb is tall (6 ft. 11), dark, handsome, athletic, affable, intelligent, earnest, circumspect—and can hardly wait for his assignment to Viet Nam early next year. And while the first eight qualities are the most likely to put stars in Lynda's eyes, it is the last attribute that assures there will be no edge to L.B.J.'s voice if he calls Chuck Robb "Charlie," his cutting private name for Hamilton.

At a country fair for children of Government leaders on the White House lawn last week, Lynda showed up, with Chuck, in a mod cow-wrangler rig of mini-culottes—revealing an eye-popping expanse of leg—and a five-gallon hat that showed how far Hamilton's chic influence on her wardrobe had faded. The President's announcement of a December White House wedding had caught even Press Secretary Liz Carpenter off guard. But a month ago Robb had told his mother and his father, who is the American Airlines' district sales manager in Milwaukee, that he and Lynda Bird were serious. A dedicated career officer, Robb graduated straight into the Marines in 1961 from the University of Wisconsin, where he garnered a degree in business administration. He first emerged from the pack of personable young officers assigned to White House social duties when he was called to be a fourth at bridge for Lynda and two friends. The foursome soon shrank to a twosome. They spent the Labor Day holiday together outside Rehoboth Beach in Delaware on a stretch of sand known popularly as "Whisky Beach" or "the Passion Pit," which the Chamber of Commerce now wants renamed more decorously in honor of their courtship.

WALTER DUNNETT



LYNDA & FIANCÉ ON WHITE HOUSE LAWN
Attribute No. 9 also helps.

THE MERITS OF SPECULATION

IN the twilight of his long and laudable career, Bernard Baruch was invariably characterized as an adviser to Presidents or a park-bench philosopher who doled out wisdom from a seat in Central Park or Lafayette Square. Admirers tended to forget—Baruch never did—that in the forenoon of that career, he had also been one of Wall Street's craftiest speculators. Baruch could be bearish or bullish. He once sold Amalgamated Copper short and realized \$700,000 when Amalgamated reduced a dividend, causing its overpriced stock to tumble. Another time, alerted by a newspaperman that Commodore Schley had beaten the Spanish at Santiago, virtually ending the Spanish-American War, Baruch spent July 4, 1898, on the cable buying U.S. stocks in the London market. Next day he made a neat profit when the New York Stock Exchange reopened following the holiday and prices shot upwards on word of the victory. Baruch was proud to have been a speculator, but he cringed at the implications the term came to carry. "Modern usage," he noted in a 1957 autobiography, "has made the term 'speculator' a synonym for gambler and plunger. Actually the word comes from the Latin *speculari*, which means to spy out and observe. I have defined a speculator as a man who observes the future and acts before it occurs."

The trouble with that definition and the reason why the word has fallen into even deeper disrepute was noted as far back as 1905. Handing down the opinion in the case of *Chicago Board of Trade v. Christie Grain*, in which the court ruled that commodities trading and the Board of Trade served a legitimate purpose, Justice Oliver Wendell Holmes sagely commented that when competent men engage in speculation, it is "the self-adjustment of society to the probable." But he added that its pervasive peril surfaces when "the success of the strong induces imitation by the weak, and incompetent persons bring themselves to ruin." Incompetent speculators lack, somehow, the *sang-froid* of an emotionless Baruch or the attributes of another successful pre-Depression speculator, Joseph P. Kennedy. Old Joe succeeded in the Great Bull Market of the '20s and magnificently survived the crash, suggested a friend, because he possessed "a passion for facts, a complete lack of sentiment and a marvelous sense of timing."

Broadway as Well as Wall Street

At present, lacking these qualifications, many an incompetent has more opportunity than ever to achieve ruin. Speculation in the prospering U.S. has become not merely an easy but an enviable thing to do. For little money down and years to pay the balance, an Iowa farmer or Rhode Island schoolteacher can acquire without seeing it a small strip of Florida that is bound to quadruple in value—or so the salesmen hint, using a Will Rogers slogan, "Buy land, they're not makin' it any more." Art has become as much of a speculative exercise as an esthetic experience; collectors have bought millions of dollars worth of art works, often in hope that the purchase will increase in value as the artist becomes better known. Amateurs can also dabble in oil-well exploration, beef cattle, race horses, Broadway plays, foreign exchange, gold and silver and precious gems on the chance that Oliver Wendell Holmes's probable will occur.

Lately, under the twin spurs of threatened inflation and easy credit, speculators have been especially active in two most traditional fields: the stock market and the commodities exchanges. "October, this is one of the peculiarly dangerous months to speculate in stocks," said Mark Twain. "The others are: July, January, September, April, November, May, March, June, December, August and February." His caution is widely ignored. No fewer than 22 million people own common stocks, far more than ever before, and few among them do not have some sort of speculative ambition. Daily trading on the New York Stock

Exchange has reached 9,800,000 shares—a level that former Exchange President Keith Funston had not expected until 1975. Some of the records being set are disturbing. Margin requirements are presently 70% for most stocks; yet loans from brokers to cover that remaining 30% have now reached a record \$5.580 billion, and shrewd speculators can still get loans for as much as 100% of their purchase price from unregulated lenders.

In the commodity pits, where the action is faster, the risks greater and the rewards fatter, records have piled up also. Helped by the lower margin requirements—5% to 15% v. the stock market's 70%—speculators are busily buying or selling 37 kinds of commodities ranging from wheat and sugar to orange juice and tom turkeys. Last year a record 10,460,000 contracts were bought and sold; the rate this year is almost the same. Traders lured by the idea of making \$10,000 out of pork bellies on a \$700 investment constitute a surprising cross section of America. A survey of corn futures not long ago showed that, along with the professional speculators, contracts were also held by lawyers (178), clerks and stenographers (122), housewives (339) and students (66). Unfortunately, in a fast-moving market like commodities, most of the amateurs hesitate too long about closing out losing contracts. Another survey, this one of 418,000 commodities transactions, turned up the fact that 75% ended in losses. So strong is the possibility of loss that brokers do not want to do business with women speculators because they "cry about it." In this specialized market, says University of Illinois Professor of Agricultural Economics T. A. Hieronymus, "speculation is a zero sum game in which speculators vie with each other for profits that they, in the aggregate, cannot achieve."

Supply, Demand and Human Nature

Cynics argue that the speculative trend is inevitable until the law of supply and demand is repealed and human nature changes. But responsible men have begun to worry. Both Funston and American Exchange President Ralph Saul have warned their member brokers not to abet ill-advised speculation; in some cases the exchanges have stopped trading in risky stocks temporarily or require 100% margin. Giant Merrill Lynch, Pierce, Fenner & Smith recently dusted off an advertisement that reminds investors that Wall Street runs two ways. Securities & Exchange Commission Chairman Manuel F. Cohen has his investigators scrutinizing for possible fraud 45 companies whose stock is actively traded; previously the Government had secured indictments against 22 brokers, bankers, lawyers and businessmen for allegedly rigging the stock of two small companies traded on the American Exchange. Alex C. Caldwell, administrator of the Agriculture Department's Commodity Exchange Authority, which supervises commodity trading, has asked Congress for stricter powers. And no less an overseer than Federal Reserve Chairman William McChesney Martin chose the 175th anniversary celebration of the New York Stock Exchange to warn against suspiciously speculative activity among professional traders, which Martin finds "disquieting." Last week, as market averages reached new highs, Martin sent up another warning rocket, telling the House Ways and Means Committee that there is "an unwarranted spree in stock prices and a lot of people chasing a fast buck."

The warnings were newsworthy but the game that prompted them is hardly new. Commodities traders wryly note, for instance, that the Old Testament's Joseph was the first man to corner the grain market. After all, when the seven fat years ended in Egypt and the seven lean years began, wasn't Joseph the only man with grain stacked in his barns? Seventeenth century Holland experienced one of the first of the futures markets. Dutchmen became so infatuated

ed with tulips from Asia Minor that they stopped planting and began trading them. Prices rose to the point where one merchant paid \$1,400 for a *Semper Augustus* bulb, which was eaten by an employee who mistook it for an onion.

It remained for the U.S. to hone speculation to its finest edge, and not surprisingly, "Of all the peoples in history," observed Economist J. Edward Meeker in 1930, "the American people can least afford to condemn speculation. The discovery of America was made possible by a loan based on the collateral of Queen Isabella's crown jewels, and at interest beside which even call-loan interest rates look coy and bashful. Financing an unknown foreigner to sail the unknown deep in three cockleshell boats in the hope of discovering a mythical Zipangu cannot, by the widest exercise of language, be called 'a conservative investment.'"

Columbus' Zipangu, unlike Marco Polo's, thereafter grew swiftly on both economic and personal speculation. Pioneers speculated that living was better west of the Alleghenies and pushed constantly westward; transportation speculatively followed. Railroads were built—and speculated on. Before long, New York's young exchanges were the seats of speculation, and the bulls and bears rampaged with home-grown capital instead of European imports. The ticker tape, in 1867, followed by the telephone in 1878 on Wall Street, made it possible to speculate far from the floor of the exchanges. Jesse Livermore, operating from a hideaway with 30 telephones, became "king of the speculators" by being bullish or bearish as the tape seemed to indicate. Arthur W. Cutten made \$25 million in commodities, came east from Chicago to double that in Wall Street.

Ordinarily such big speculators played a lone hand, but they could manipulate together when there were enough small investors to be skinned. In 1929 alone, 105 pools were organized; the insiders in a pool quietly bought up a large block of some corporation's stock, drove prices up by churning sales among themselves, paid radio broadcasters and financial writers to tout the stock. When the price was high enough and the public wanted to get in, the pool sold out. Cutten and his partners cleaned up \$13 million on one such pool in Sinclair Oil. Tuesday, Oct. 29, 1929, changed all that. In the aftermath, Ferdinand Pecora, counsel for a Senate banking subcommittee investigating securities practices, sternly described the stock market as "neither more nor less than a glorified gambling casino where the odds were heavily weighted against the eager outsiders." Between the SEC and the Conway Report of 1938, which led to complete reorganization of the New York Stock Exchange, speculative frenzies subsided and Wall Street became less a rich man's club and more an everyman's emporium.

The Gun Slingers

The exchanges today are vigorously ethical. The Big Board and the American Exchange constantly patrol members—lately by computer checks—and the respectable brokerage houses in turn refuse suspicious business and use "compliance men" to keep their customers' men honest. As much as he can be, the individual public investor is being protected—against dishonesty and against greed.

In the stock markets, at least, the latest wave of speculation is hardly the work of the individual investor. The market, first private club, later part of Main Street, seems now to be entering a third phase in which institutional investors—banks, insurance companies, pension funds and especially mutual funds—dominate it more and more. Since 1961, the number of New York Stock Exchange shares held by institutions have increased 17%, and institutional trading now accounts for a third of all Big Board transactions. Armed with increasing coffers of cash from small investors, the mutuals have invested \$43 billion in the market. Because of their activity, the number of block transactions, or 10,000 share trades, has almost doubled in the past year. Not surprisingly, institutions as a group own as much as 20% of 24 major companies at present. In the case of Northwest Airlines, institutions at one point had 41.5% of all the stock available.

What alarms such financial policemen as William McC. Martin is not the massive size of institutional investing; rather

it is a new look among the mutual funds. Because of the Depression, Wall Street suffers from a curious age gap; its brokers and bankers and analysts are either conservative older men or bright young business-school graduates; the 40- to 55-year group is largely lacking because there was scant opportunity in the market when it emerged from college. Discontented with conservatism, the young men—gun slingers are one term for them on the Street—use computers to plot the market and spot promising growth stocks quickly, move in and out of likely companies on a short-term basis that appalls their elders. The combined turnover rate of the mutual funds is now 36%, and a dozen of the fastest gun slingers have a 100% annual turnover. When they turn over a stock in unison, especially one in which funds hold a major position, the result can be devastating.

Xerox, a former favorite among these go-go funds, dropped 30 points in three days when second-quarter earnings this year were lower than expected and some performance funds sold out. Fairchild Camera fell from 123½ to 82½ after a similar fall from go-go grace, and KLM airlines declined from 117½ to 77½ for the same reason. After the Chicago & Northwestern Railroad, with one-third of its stock held by funds, announced that a planned merger had been called off, the funds dropped out and C.N.W. stock dropped from 175 to 115. One day in 1966, Motorola Chairman Robert W. Galvin told New York security analysts that earnings would be good but lower than anticipated. In the ensuing scramble by the performance funds to unload Motorola, the stock fell nearly 20 points and the paper loss reached \$114 million.

There is nothing illegal, as far as can be determined, in the way the performance funds perform. "The SEC," says one broker, "is trying to catch them using insider information, and the SEC is right. But we all do that. When you have a man on the board, that's what he's for." Moreover, the go-gos constantly outperform everyone else. According to Arthur Wiesenberger & Co., which keeps track of mutual-fund assets and earnings, the performance funds jointly showed a 35.1% gain during the first half of 1967 compared with 9.5% for the Dow-Jones Industrials and 15% for all 1,260 stocks on the New York Stock Exchange Index. The principal complaint is rather that, whatever their intent, the go-go funds are having almost the same effect as the outlawed pools of the '20s. Smaller speculators try to follow their moves by watching the market's most active list (since block transactions make for most active stocks) but with little more information than that the hangers-on more often than not take a beating when the funds suddenly sell out. Corporate executives who once were flattered by mutual-fund purchases in their company are now alarmed at the thought of having half their capitalization turned over on the market within a week.

$$2 + 2 = 4$$

Wall Street, from long association with speculation, has a maxim about speculators who overreach themselves: "Bulls make money, bears make money, but pigs never do." But there is no maxim or method for determining how much speculation is too much. Some is necessary and desirable. With farm surpluses dropping, Government subsidies are becoming a smaller factor and speculation a larger one in maintaining prices for farmer and housewife. And stock market speculators willing to risk venture capital are the means by which many a U.S. corporation got its start, in electronics today or in airplanes a generation ago. Speculators, moreover, help maintain the market liquidity which guarantees that an ordinary investor can always cash in his chips when he wants to.

In markets that have always preferred to regulate themselves voluntarily, "too much" is probably the point at which federal regulators wielding laws or threats of laws move in. Speculation is broader than ever and, while hardly anyone concerned believes that it is at the danger point, Congress, as well as the SEC, is asking pointed questions about the performance funds in particular. All of which suggests that it is time for speculators to refresh their memories that two and two add up to four, not eight or ten.

THE WORLD

THE WAR

The Bitterest Battlefield

"You feel like an ant on a dart board," says a young U.S. Marine at Gio Linh, the American artillery base carved out of the top of a hill overlooking North Viet Nam (see color opposite). The camp's main gate bids a black-humor welcome to "the Alamo of Viet Nam." Like neighboring Con Thien to the west, Gio Linh is the merest outstretched fingertip of the U.S. presence in Viet Nam, an isolated and vulnerable outpost less than two miles

Rain of Shells. Con Thien's lifeline is a four-mile-long road connecting the camp with Landing Zone C-2, where its supplies are brought in by air. Last week a Marine battalion providing security for the road was attacked by two battalions of North Viet Nam's 324-B Division—part of some 30,000 Red regulars operating in an area defended by 6,000 Marines. Nearly 100 mortar and rocket shells rained down on the leathernecks. Then, recalls Platoon Sergeant John E. Lewis, 22, "the enemy came across the paddies in waves like a herd of turtles." The battle raged

ROBERT J. ELLISON—EMPIRE



UNDERGROUND CONTROL CENTER FOR GIO LINH'S ARTILLERY
Across the paddies like a herd of turtles.

from the Demilitarized Zone. It lies in a no man's land that has become the bitterest battleground of the war, an arena of combat unique in Viet Nam for its rigors and relentlessness.

Along the DMZ there is no need to hunt for the enemy; he is all around, waiting for an opportunity to strike an unwary patrol, a lumbering convoy or one of the camps itself. The Marines mostly sit and wait, cramped in muddy bunkers and trenches. Day and night their 105- and 155-mm. howitzers shake the hillsops as they fire into the DMZ and into North Viet Nam beyond to interdict the Communist buildup and southward movement; day and night the dread cry of "Incoming!" rings through the camps as the Communists return the shells. It is a deadly duel of giant cannon more akin to World War I or Korea than to the rest of the war in Viet Nam, and it has long since potted the rolling scrub hills and emerald paddies for miles around.

for five hours. While the Marines on the ground fought at times hand to hand, F-4 Phantoms dropped napalm on the attackers. When the North Vietnamese finally broke off the battle and crept across the DMZ into the darkness, they left 140 dead behind. The Marines took 34 killed and 185 wounded.

Three days later the Communists attacked Con Thien itself, and a North Vietnamese company followed a heavy artillery and mortar barrage right up to the camp's wire. Repulsed, the Communists withdrew after half an hour, but four Marines were killed and 15 wounded defending the camp perimeter. And all week long, the shells rained down as usual on the Marines. One attack of 80 rounds of 82-mm. mortar fire killed four and wounded 93. Another of rocket and artillery fire killed nine Marines and wounded 31.

When Hardcore Whines. The rhythm of life in the Marine camps is controlled by the constant threat of the

Red artillery. "We usually get a few rounds in the early morning as a sort of reveille," says Gio Linh Camp Commander Major Richard Froncek. "Then we will get a few rounds at noon and then more at sunset." The North Vietnamese seldom shell at night, presumably because they do not want to give away their positions with muzzle flashes. Much of the life of the 480 men manning Gio Linh is lived below ground in heavily sandbagged bunkers supported by thick wooden beams that can take all but a direct hit. In summer, when the temperature reaches 120°, the camp is a swirl of choking ochre dust. In the fall, the monsoons fill the bunkers with two feet of water and mud, turn the trenches into running red rivers of sludge.

Meals are served three times a day in an underground bunker, but only to five men at a time—so that there will never be too many men in the same place in the event of a direct hit. No one ventures above ground without his flak jacket and helmet, although most Marines carry their helmets and go bareheaded in order to hear incoming shells better. The first warning is the boom of the gun across the Ben Hai River separating the two Viet Nams. Then comes the quavering whistle of the shell tearing through the air, followed quickly by the final sharp bang of its explosion on impact. The whole process takes about eight seconds, giving the Marines time to dive for cover, though the North Vietnamese have an ominous new gun of unknown make that gives only a one-second warning. The men of Gio Linh have developed acute ears for descending shells, but the alert is usually given first by Hardcore, their pet Vietnamese mongrel dog. When Hardcore starts whining and heading for cover, the entire camp follows.

Next to the shells, the Marines' biggest complaint is the company they must keep in their bunkers: rats, mosquitoes and flies. "The rats jump right on top of you when you are asleep," says Pfc. Robert Smith, 19. One particularly large rat is named Rockefeller, "because he always gets the best of everything." The standard tour of duty in one of the DMZ camps is 30 days, a brevity that helps make possible the grim humor with which the Marines accept their defensive watch. Atop Major Froncek's bunker stands a six-foot-high handmade catapult, which he smilingly explains is "a last-ditch weapon in case we are overrun." Not far away stands a siren that is no joke. Should the base ever be overrun, it will scream a signal to everyone to burrow deep down inside their bunkers. Then all the other U.S. artillery bases within range will wheel their guns around to fire on Gio Linh itself in an attempt to blast the North Vietnamese right off the backs of the defenders.

THE NEW NO MAN'S LAND



Just south of the embattled DMZ, the U.S. Marine base at Gio Linh serves as an advance artillery base, shelling North Vietnamese territory scarcely six miles away toward the

horizon. So heavy is the return fire that Marines use only self-propelled, heavily armored 105-mm. and 155-mm. howitzers; their turrets protect them from all but direct hits.

PHOTOGRAPHS FOR TIME BY ROBERT J. ELLISON—EMPIRE



Along the Gio Linh perimeter at night, a Marine tank rakes the darkness with its 90-mm. cannon, encouraging North Viet-

namese patrols to keep their distance. A flare in the distance lights up a battle at nearby Con Thien, eight miles distant.



Marines catch sleep when they can between rounds in the almost ceaseless artillery duel. Their beds are "rubber ladies," as the

leathernecks call air mattresses, and they nap with their fatigues and boots on, rifle and grenades close at hand.





A Marine mortar crew shields eardrums as an 81-mm. shell leaps from the tube as part of H. & I. mission. H. & I. stands for

"harassment and interdiction": random rounds fired through the night at suspected Communist trails and staging areas.

In a dusty haze, a troop convoy churns between Con Thien and Cam Lo. To guard against ambush, terrain has been cleared on either side of the road for several hundred yards.



The Ben Hai River separating North and South Viet Nam (right) runs through a moonscape of craters, the result of round-the-clock bombing and shelling by both sides that has made the DMZ a wasteland where anything that moves is hit.



Craters old and new blot the patterned silvery paddies in the southern half of the DMZ. The smaller gouges are caused by U.S. mortars and artillery, the larger ones by bombs from B-52s and fighter-bombers.

New Bombing Strategy

If 31 months of bombing by the U.S. has not succeeded in breaking North Viet Nam's spirit, it has certainly taken an enormous toll of its national substance. Despite the dispute in the U.S. over extending the range of targets, there are so few major ones yet unbombed that U.S. pilots spend most of their time returning to plaster the same old places time and again. Last week the U.S. not only further shrunk the list of off-limit targets but employed a new aerial bombing strategy that threatens to paralyze completely North Viet Nam's transportation and supply arteries.

Flying through cloud-laden skies that signaled the approaching monsoons, Navy attack planes from the carriers *Oriskany* and *Coral Sea* rained bombs and missiles for the first time on the port of Cam Pha, which is only 46 miles northeast of Haiphong and serves as its auxiliary port. Under congressional pressure to hit North Viet Nam harder, President Johnson gave the go-ahead to bomb Cam Pha when no ships were at the piers, thus seeking to avoid hitting any Russian vessels. After Navy scouts found the right moment, the raiders demolished Cam Pha's wharves, badly damaged its rail facilities, destroyed its four giant handling cranes and set fire to huge piles of coal, North Viet Nam's only remaining money-earning export.

Chop & Smash. The Cam Pha raid, and raids on five other previously forbidden places in recent weeks, reduced the number of untouched targets in North Viet Nam to a mere 46. Most of those 46 are too insignificant (small factories, pint-sized petroleum dumps) to warrant the risk of U.S. lives; other potential targets, such as factories in downtown areas, are ruled out on humanitarian grounds. Of the major targets not yet hit, many will probably be bombed in time. The most likely remaining targets: the power station and rail yards at Lao Cai, an important supply link with China; three MIG fields near Hanoi and one at Haiphong; and the dock facilities at Hon Gai, the only unscathed port.

The day after they hit Cam Pha, planes from the two carriers bombed Haiphong itself, penetrating closer to its center (eight-tenths of a mile) than ever before. Avoiding the Soviet and other foreign ships jamming the piers, the pilots smashed overcrowded warehouses, chopped up the rail yards and knocked spans from both the rail and highway bridges over which supplies must pass to reach the rest of the country. U.S. strategists have decided that, for the time being at least, they will not try to deny access to Haiphong from the sea by bombing its dock areas or mining its harbor—and thus risking a confrontation with Russia if its ships are hit by a U.S. attack. Instead, the U.S. planners intend to seal off access

to the port from the land side, hoping that Soviet and other materials will simply pile up on the docks.

Trop & Destroy. The U.S. has also begun to apply a new treatment to roads and rail lines elsewhere in the North. In the past, U.S. flyers would bomb a road or a bridge in one place, wait until it was repaired and then hit it again. Trouble was that the North Vietnamese became too fast and facile at fixing things up, and transportation continued to move, at least sporadically. Since last spring, the U.S. has used a strategy known as "pursuit-of-a-target system." Now, U.S. flyers seek to make a whole series of cuts in roads and rail lines in a steady round of attacks, thus trapping trains and truck convoys between the cuts and making them easy targets. Pilots have noticed in recent weeks that fire from antiaircraft bat-

SOUTH VIET NAM

Unwelcome Attention

South Viet Nam's runner-up candidate, Truong Dinh Dzu, has clearly enjoyed all the attention he has received since he came in an unexpected second to the Thieu-Ky ticket. Last week Dzu received some unwelcome attention. In a Saigon criminal court, where he failed to appear but was represented by two attorneys, he was found guilty by a civilian judge on charges of writing a bad check for \$8,300 and transferring \$11,500 from Viet Nam to a San Francisco bank in violation of the currency laws. The first charge carried a sentence of three months in jail and an \$80 fine, the second six months plus a \$27,600 fine.

Dzu, who has a somewhat unsavory reputation in Saigon, was indicted for



UNLOADING WHEAT FROM SOVIET SHIP (FOREGROUND) IN HAIPHONG
Applying the seal from the land side.

teries and SAM missile sites has fallen off considerably in some areas; they believe that the reason may be that it is getting increasingly harder to supply the sites with ammunition.

To get the surgical precision necessary to hit only certain targets in the North Vietnamese cities, Navy pilots recently began using a new, superaccurate torpedo-shaped missile that is called "the Walleye" (after the various species of fish, particularly the American pike, that have protruding eyes). The bomb's eye is a television camera in the nose of the warhead. To fire the Walleye, the pilot points the bomb at the intended target until the camera has locked onto the object, which must be bright and distinct enough to stand out from the surroundings. Then, as the missile is released and glides groundward, the camera commands stubby fins that steer the projectile into the target. Increasingly, the Walleye is fixing its baleful stare on the few remaining choice targets in North Viet Nam.

the crimes well before he became a presidential candidate. The charges were revived after he announced his candidacy, but the court put off a trial until after the elections. Still, the summons to trial so soon after Dzu's surprisingly good showing was regarded as a government attempt to cut Dzu down to size—and he quickly charged the government with persecution.

The guilty verdicts came just a day after Dzu announced the formation of a "Fighting Front for Democracy" made up of six of the losing civilian candidates, who together had polled almost as many votes as Thieu and Ky. "We do not recognize the election," proclaimed Dzu, "it was fraudulent." If the Constituent Assembly validates the election, said Dzu, then "we shall fight in an orderly manner." Dzu will likely be able to keep fighting for a long time, despite the judgments against him. He has a month to appeal the verdicts, then two more higher courts through which he may drag out further appeals.



CHINA

A Great Week for Insults

Seldom had a nation managed to attack, antagonize or alienate so many of its neighbors in a single week. All around its vast perimeter, in a great circle from Russia and Japan on the north to India and Indonesia on the south, China stirred up trouble and resentment. The sudden spurt of hostility seemed prompted by an overflow of missionary zeal for Maoism, a certain amount of frustration at the difficulties encountered at home by Mao's Cultural Revolution and a new wave of China's historic xenophobia.

The most direct and serious provocation occurred in the Himalayan kingdom of Sikkim, whose defense and foreign policy are controlled by India. On Sikkim's border with China, Communist troops suddenly opened fire with machine guns and mortars on Indian soldiers laying wire at the 14,000-ft.-high Natu Pass. The Indians fired back, and for four days gunfire and cannonades echoed through the thin Himalayan air, causing numerous casualties on both sides. It was the worst Sino-Indian border incident since the Chinese invasion of 1962.

More Imperialist than the U.S. India and China are historic rivals and enemies, but Prince Sihanouk of Cambodia was one of China's few remaining friends in Asia—until last week. When the Chinese accused him of "imperialism, revisionism and reaction," Sihanouk, who has lately been troubled by smatterings of Communist insurgency in rural areas, reacted quickly. He recalled his ambassador from Peking, fired two pro-Chinese ministers from his Cabinet and closed down all of Phnompenh's privately owned newspapers (one of which had printed the offending Chinese telegram). Sihanouk warned that he would break relations with Peking entirely "if China continues to insult us and interfere in our affairs." Then, knowing exactly how to



SATO
"Interventionist!"



SUHARTO
"Provocateur!"



SIHANOUK
"Revisionist!"



NE WIN
"Torturer!"

jab the Maoists, he added that "the Chinese practice an imperialism stronger than the Americans'."

China also lashed out at Japan, Indonesia and Ceylon for that sin of sins against Peking: cozying up to Taiwan. Japanese Premier Eisaku Sato's three-day good-will visit to Taiwan came under the heaviest fire. Sato, said the Chinese, was intervening "in the domestic affairs of China." Peking threatened to cut off trade with Japan, as it had done in 1958 for five years after a Chinese flag was pulled down in a Japanese department store display, and underscored its ire by expelling three of the nine Japanese correspondents resident in Peking.

Indonesia's "serious political provocation" was extending an invitation to a Taiwan trade delegation, after having canceled trade with China last month. General Suharto's government replied by announcing that it would pull the entire Indonesian embassy staff out of Peking and send them on "vacation." Ceylon got a nasty diplomatic note because two Ceylonese M.P.s and a newspaper publisher had visited Taiwan.

"Groveling Boors." In Burma, Strongman Ne Win's government also received an inflammatory note that accused the Burmese of torturing resident Chinese and declared that Burma was on the road to ruin. Ne Win immediately summoned home his ambassador to China. In Macao, the Chinese continued to try to take over a Catholic school that has stoutly resisted Peking's otherwise *de facto* control over the Portuguese colony. And in Hong Kong, pro-Peking leftists were reported moving from random violence and rioting to a serious effort to organize a political underground against the British.

To the north, the Mongolians were condemned by Peking as "groveling boors" for permitting Moscow to station Soviet combat troops in their country as insurance against possible Chinese aggression. Busy as it was with insults for everyone, Peking did not forget the Russians, accusing them in vi-

tuperative language of trying "to set up a ring of encirclement around China." It was a specious insult. In its current orgy of affronts to its neighbors, Peking seems well on the way to doing just that without anyone's help.

AFRICA

Order or Oratory?

When they get together, Africa's leaders are great talkers. When they return home, however, they too often seem to forget what the talk was all about. Last week, at the fourth "summit conference" of the Organization of African Unity in the Congolese capital of Kinshasa, heads of state from 18 African nations passed a number of resolutions that could go far toward bringing order to the Continent—if anything is ever done about them. One of the main achievements of the conference was that the chiefs were able to assemble at all. Another was that the conference's willingness to come to the Congo gave a boost to its genial host, President Joseph Desiré Mobutu, whose prestige has lately fallen both at home and abroad.

20 Chiefs. To attract the VIPs, Mobutu spent \$10 million that he could hardly afford. On a bluff overlooking the Congo River, he built an entire village to house the delegates, complete with four-bedroom bungalows, tennis courts, a swimming pool and even a miniature golf course. Thirty tons of food were brought in for the occasion, and stewards prepared to serve 600 bottles of imported wine a day to accompany the meals cooked by 20 imported Belgian chefs. While bands played such incongruous tunes as *Marching Through Georgia*, squadrons of police escorts roared down Kinshasa's boulevards all week long on their Harley-Davidson motorcycles.

Such African leaders as Kenya's Jomo Kenyatta and Tanzania's Julius Nyerere claimed to have more pressing business at home. All the Arab chiefs stayed away because several of the black African countries had not supported their demand for an Israeli withdrawal

from occupied Arab territory. But, surprisingly, more heads of state showed up than at last year's meeting in Addis Ababa, among them Ethiopia's Haile Selassie, Zambia's Kenneth Kaunda, Ghana's Joseph Ankrah and Uganda's Milton Obote.

Offering Advice. The delegates served notice that secessionists will not be tolerated in the African countries, thus condemning by inference the rebel Biafrans of Nigeria; they also made plans to send a six-member delegation to Nigeria to offer advice on ways to end the civil war. Kenyan, Ethiopian and Somali diplomats took the occasion to arrange talks for next month aimed at ending the revolt of Somali tribesmen in Kenya and Ethiopia. While Haile Selassie urged an armed assault on the white-supremacist government of Rhodesia, the delegates more realistically decided only to increase their financial support for bands of black "freedom fighters" who seek to overthrow the regime. As for the Congo's white mercenaries, entrenched in the border town of Bukavu, the heads of state demanded that they get out of the country and promised them safe conduct, but they also pledged to drive them out by force if necessary.

All this was a fine beginning. U.N. Secretary-General U Thant, an invited guest, exhorted the members to greater things but politely reminded them that beginnings too often remain just that in Africa. After four years of existence, said Thant, "your organization has not made the hoped-for progress toward achievement of its goals."

EUROPE

O.K. with Everyone but Charles

Just about everybody in Europe but Charles de Gaulle wants Britain in the Common Market. The governments of Italy, Belgium, Luxembourg, The Netherlands and West Germany all favor British entry. Continental businessmen want a crack at the 55 million potential customers in Britain; the European public would like to line up with such a swinging partner; and even Germany's most outspoken Gaullist, Finance Minister Franz Josef Strauss, now feels that British admission is necessary to help Europe narrow the technology gap with the U.S.

Last week the prestigious Brussels-based Commission of the European Economic Community added its official O.K. After an examination of the nervous state of sterling and the problems of the British economy, the commission concluded that no technical or economic barriers stand in the way of Britain's admission. The commission's report will be presented next month to the foreign ministers of the Common Market members, who then must decide when Britain will be allowed to advance to the next stage and begin formal negotiations for admission despite Charles de Gaulle's displeasure.

GIBRALTAR

99.2% Solid

All through the night the red beacon on top of the great rock flashes out its insistent and seemingly perpetual message: dash dash dot, dash dot dot dot. In the nearby Spanish villages of La Linea and San Roque and across the Campo plains to the mountains beyond, the people know that the Morse code signal stands for the letters G and B: Great Britain. The light is a constant reminder to the Spaniards that Gibraltar is British, as it has been ever since Britain seized it from Spain 263 years ago.

Last week Gibraltar proved that it is even more British than anyone had imagined. As the voters went to the polls for a special referendum to decide whether Gibraltar should remain with Britain or be turned back to Spain, the 21-sq.-mi. crown colony was decked out in Union Jacks from its deepwater harbor to its 1,396-ft. summit. Stickers everywhere proclaimed such slogans as I'M O.K. WITH THE U.K. When the count was made, only 44 of the 12,237 voters opted for reunion with Spain. The rest—an astonishing 99.2%—preferred to retain their unique status as British subjects in the last colony on European soil.

Wrong Residents. Gibraltarians feel that life under British rule is far freer and more prosperous than life in Franco's Spain, have developed a British sense of fair play and justice and an almost embarrassing devotion to the royal family. By ancestry most of them are neither British nor Spanish. Some are Sephardic Jews originally expelled from Spain during the Inquisition; others fled Genoa in the 1790s to escape the havoc of the Napoleonic Wars; many came from Malta to seek work in the British dockyards. Over the years, they have developed into a surprisingly homogeneous population of 25,000 people who

are tidy, industrious and bilingual (English and Spanish).

Spain rejected their vote for Britain on the grounds that the legitimate Gibraltarians are not the present ones but the villagers in La Linea and San Roque and across the bay in Algeciras, whose ancestors fled the invading British in 1704. (The United Nations, which supports this view, also refused to accept the referendum.) To show its displeasure at Britain's insistence on keeping the rock, Spain has imposed on Gibraltar a series of annoyances, ranging from a slash in the number of Spanish men workers (from 14,500 to 6,000) who cross daily into the colony to a ban on border crossings by all vehicles. The Spanish government seems to be laying the groundwork for an eventual sealing of the border entirely; it is planning to industrialize the area around La Linea and San Roque, building enough plants to provide jobs for the workers who still draw their paychecks from Gibraltar.

EGYPT

Tough Times for Nasser

Cairo radio announced last week the death by suicide of Field Marshal Abdel Hakim Amer, the onetime second in command to Gamal Abdel Nasser before he fell into disgrace over Egypt's defeat in the Arab-Israeli war. At the same time, the radio announced that Amer, 47, had already been buried in his home village of Astal, 150 miles south of Cairo. Whether Amer jumped or was pushed into eternity, the news of his "suicide" added new tension and suspicion in a country already seething dangerously with plots, resentments and repression.

Hidden Pills. Dismissed from his post as vice president and commander of the armed forces in the wake of the war, Amer was arrested last month with

THE TIMES, LONDON



THE ROCK AS SEEN FROM THE SOUTH
Almost embarrassing devotion.

50 other officers on charges of plotting against Nasser. As Nasser's semi-official mouthpiece Al Ahran rather fancifully reported it, Amer had planned to seize command of Egyptian troops on the Suez Canal, demand full reinstatement for himself and the 800 officers who were arrested or sacked as part of Nasser's postwar effort to find a scapegoat for his shattering defeat. If Nasser refused, the story went, Amer would march on Cairo and set up a revolutionary council to run the country.

Amer was kept under house arrest at his villa in the fashionable Cairo suburb of Giza, where last week some Egyptian officers came to question him further. As the Egyptians tell it, Amer apparently swallowed a "large amount of poison pills" after they arrived, but was rushed to a hospital by the officers before they could become fatal. Back home the next day, he left his guards

total ignorance of Israeli plans and strategy. Among the first to go was the service's powerful top man, Sala Nasr. Last week Al Ahran announced that Nasr, too, had been arrested in connection with the Amer plot. Since Nasr ran a tight one-man show, turning his agents into almost a private army, there is strong question in Cairo whether their loyalty will shift to Nasser or remain with their erstwhile leader.

Taking it all in from a distance, the Egyptian masses themselves are growing restive. They realize all too well that Nasser is no longer infallible, either as a military strategist or as a national hero. Israel still occupies Sinai, and they want to know why. If it were not for the prospect of aid from oil-rich Arab neighbors, Egypt's economy would be bankrupt. All in all, times are tough for Gamal Abdel Nasser, who promised his country glory but gave it only gore.

Most active of the new pragmatists is Sheik Mohammed Ali Ja'abari, 60, the mayor of the ancient city of Hebron in the hills southwest of Jerusalem. A former Minister of Justice under Jordan's King Hussein, Ja'abari has spent the past two weeks trying to organize a conference of prominent Palestinians to determine just what form peace negotiations should take, and what they should lead to. His compatriots still disagree about whether to hold out for full independence, try to become part of Jordan again or accept Israeli citizenship in return for full local autonomy and Israeli economic aid. No date has yet been set for the conference, but Ja'abari expects it to appoint an Arab Palestinian to begin negotiations with the Israeli authorities.

Fresh Fish. In part, the new pragmatism stems from desperation: Palestinians no longer believe that the Jews



AMER JUST BEFORE THE WAR
Resentments yet to cash in.

and entered a bathroom, where he swallowed more poison pills that he had concealed beneath an adhesive plaster on his body.

No Uniforms. Though Egypt finally lifted its visa restriction for tourists, it remained a closed country to most of the West. Rumors and reports flew about that Nasser had resigned, that thousands were being arrested. Certainly, Nasser has continued to arrest hundreds of army officers and civilians, creating deep and dangerous resentments that have yet to be cashed in. The army is still riddled with officers and men loyal to Amer, and it is furious over the disarray and disgrace that has fallen on it since the war. Some officers no longer wear their uniforms on the street.

Nasser also faces a threat from his own intelligence service, which turned up the Amer plot. An unfathomable maze of gross and petty intrigue, the intelligence network, like the army, has undergone a top-to-bottom purge since the war, which showed up its almost

MIDDLE EAST

Sense Amid the Shambles

Of all the territories seized by the Israelis during the six-day war, the one that lends itself most to negotiation is Jordan's West Bank. The vast majority of its 900,000 Arabs remained there instead of fleeing, and the land they live on is fertile enough to support them. Moreover, many among them are not only capable of, but desirous of, coming to terms with Israel. Since the West Bank was part of Palestine for much longer than it has been part of Jordan, its people have neither a deep loyalty to the Hashemite kingdom of Jordan nor a consuming hatred of Israel.

Until the war, their cause and that of the other Palestinian Arabs scattered through the Middle East had been led by Ahmed Shukairy, the leftist, demagogic boss of the Palestine Liberation Organization. But Shukairy, who fled from the front even before the first shots were fired, was so thoroughly discredited that Palestinians no longer want anything to do with him, and the Arab states have cut off the P.L.O.'s \$15 million yearly subsidy. Shukairy's fall created a vacuum of leadership, which is now being filled by West Bank Arabs who hope to get the best deal they can from Israel.

Call for Peace. The new leaders are the mayors and politicians who remained in their posts when the Israelis marched in. Where Shukairy had been fanatic, they are pragmatic. Where Shukairy had depended on other Arab states to "drive the Israelis into the sea," the new men call for a purely "Palestine initiative"—the essence of which is to make an acceptable peace with Israel. "The Israelis have all along offered the Arab states peace," says Aziz Shihadeh, 50, a lawyer in the occupied town of Ramallah. "They have been offering it to the wrong people. We, the Palestinians, are the only ones who can negotiate."



MAYOR JA'ABARI
Pragmatic instead of fanatic.

can be driven out of Israel. But it also reflects the indisputable fact that life under the Israelis has not been as harsh as most Palestinians had feared. Money and private cars have been in short supply since the war, and the West Bank telephone system, sabotaged by the departing Jordanians, is still a shambles. But food is plentiful, including the fresh sea fish that Palestinians love and the Jordanians were unable to supply. More important, there have been no mass repression, no raping of Arab women, no wholesale expropriations of Arab property. Palestinian businessmen have shaken their coats and ties, adopted the more comfortable Israeli practice of coming to work in their shirtsleeves. "From the very first day," says Bethlehem's Mayor Elias Bandak, "the Israelis and our people mixed together as old friends."

That may be something of an overstatement. In Hebron, Mayor Ja'abari's calls for negotiations have brought him a flood of threatening letters, the derision of Jordan's Amman radio and an



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attempt to blow up his house. But neither Ja'abari nor his colleagues give much importance to the violence of their critics. "I am not afraid," Ja'abari says. "I believe the great majority of the Palestine people want a solution, so they can live in peace. We are tired of war. We want better days for our children." All that keeps many Palestinians from openly working with the Israelis toward that end, in fact, is uncertainty over just what will finally become of the West Bank. Afraid to cooperate too actively with the Israelis lest they be called collaborators if Jordan regains the land, they may need only a firm declaration of Israel's intentions to make them all as pragmatic as their leaders.

HISTORICAL NOTES

Cursing the Carbuncles

Karl Marx labored single-mindedly for 15 years to produce his monumental *Das Kapital*, and all the while he was in pain. He suffered from an enlarged liver, hemorrhoids, recurrent eye infections, insomnia and boils. But Marx's bitter prophecy that the bourgeoisie would "have cause to remember my carbuncles" hardly applies today. Last week, on the 100th anniversary of the publication in Hamburg of the first, and most important, volume of *Das Kapital*, the only people who seemed to be in agony over Marx's ideas were his own Communist heirs.

The Chinese and Russians berate each other for straying from the path of true Marxism-Leninism. Hungarian Communist Philosopher György Lukács makes a distinction between the "disfigured Marxism" that is official party doctrine and what he calls "unfalsified Marxism," while the Yugoslav magazine *Praxis* warns that effective Marxism "must be completely free of party pressure." And Polish Writer Jan Szewczyk muses publicly whether Marxism is "a bolt of Red cloth that anyone may cut in whatever shape pleases him."

Pyramids & Polemics. *Das Kapital's* sheer size—three volumes and more than 2,000 pages—is almost enough to endow it with a religious aura. The work, says British Historian Isaiah Berlin, "has been blindly worshiped and blindly hated by millions who have not read a line of it, or have read without understanding its obscure and tortuous prose." Since 1917, more than 6,000,000 copies of it have been printed in the Soviet Union. Yet the Albanians, who have been Communists for two decades, managed to do without it until last year, when they published the first edition in their language.

One reason why the book may bore Albanians is that so much of it is devoted to British industrialism about the time of Dickens. *Das Kapital* combines pyramids of abstraction with impassioned polemics more typical of the better known work of Marx and Friedrich Engels, *The Communist Manifesto*.

In its "scientific" approach, however, *Das Kapital* pioneered a new form of social history; up to then, no one had really bothered to examine systematically such topics as British factory legislation, the diet of workers in Lancashire or the health risks in British coal mines.

Marx's main purpose was to prove that capitalism matures into a monster and collapses from the ineluctable logic of its own laws, which tend to create monopolies and to oppress an increasingly impoverished working class. He introduced the theory of the surplus value of labor, which held that a commodity's value is determined solely by the labor that goes into it; as Marx saw it, the capitalist pays the worker only a poor part of the real value of

perity. Not until recently did Europe's Communists realize that the real husk that must be cracked is that of orthodox Marxist economics. Many economists consider Marx's surplus-value-of-labor theory the biggest single mischief-maker in Russian economic history. By focusing attention almost entirely on labor, Marx convinced the Communists that they could ignore capital and interest; they thus grossly mismanaged their scarce investment capital.

Now the Communist nations in Europe are embarked on vast experiments with profits, market pricing, bonuses and other incentives. Marx has, if anything, become something of an embarrassment. Last week the only Marxists who took much public note of *Das Kapital's* anniversary were the East Germans—perhaps because Marx was a German. East German Party Boss Walter Ulbricht spoke at a symposium on Marx to explain why his regime has adopted the use of profits. He argued that profits are something different when they "increase social wealth" and go to a government that owns the means of production rather than to a few capitalists. But no matter how they squirm, the Communists cannot rid themselves entirely of the carbuncles inherent in the Marxian preachings that they have elevated to gospel.

MEXICO

Acapulco's Other Side

To the outside world, Acapulco is a swingers' paradise filled with sunshine and golden people. Splashy new hotels and motels are sprouting up like beach umbrellas; old ones like Las Brisas, which includes a private pool and candy-striped Jeep with every bungalow, are adding new space. All over town, from the Tequila à Go-Go to the Paradiso, night life is a throbbing pandemonium. But there is another side to Acapulco that the gay, sunny travel posters ignore: the resort city is one of Mexico's worst centers of crime.

Acapulco has spawned a thriving underground traffic in "Acapulco gold," the local marijuana that hippies believe gives the world's best high. Prostitution, vice and corruption abound, and guns are as common as palm trees. Moreover, Acapulco is the largest city in mountainous and jungle-clad Guerrero, Mexico's most lawless state. Guerrero has become such a problem that last week the Mexican army was embarked on a massive drive to round up all the arms in the state.

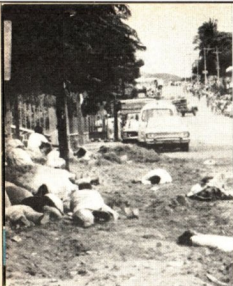
Call for Help. Guerrero averages more than 200 murders a month, 60 in Acapulco alone. Last November, when a new bride refused to dance with one of her wedding guests in Tunas, guns came out and eleven persons were killed. A few weeks later, in a cemetery near Acapulco, another murder victim was no sooner in the ground than guns started blazing among the mourners; two people were killed. Six more died re-



MARX'S TOMB IN LONDON
Cloth to fit any shape.

his output while skimming off the surplus as unjust profit. In perhaps the most widely touted passage from *Das Kapital*, he predicted that all this would inevitably lead to Communism: "The centralization of the means of production and the socialization of labor reach a point where they prove incompatible with their capitalist husk. The knell of private property sounds. The expropriators are expropriated."

The Real Husk. The Communists' confusion over Marx began when the Lenins and Mao Tse-tungs started stretching his maxims to fit largely agrarian societies. Then, too, Marx became archaic when it became evident that 1) England, Germany and the other advanced industrial nations had avoided revolution; 2) capitalism, partly in response to Marx's ideas, had showed itself vital enough to change with the times into something that Marx would hardly have recognized; and 3) workers in the West were increasingly sharing in the fruits of capitalist pros-



VICTIMS OF UNION MASSACRE
Where the gold does not glitter.

cently after a shoot-out over a land dispute. The incident that finally brought the arms crackdown came last month when two rival union factions shot it out in Acapulco, leaving 33 persons dead and 27 others near death with critical injuries. One woman caught 67 bullets in the back.

Acapulco's squalid, crumbling jail is so overcrowded that local authorities fear a breakout, have called in the army to help keep an eye on the city's 519 prisoners. Northern hippies who came south for Acapulco gold (maximum penalty for possession: six years) were jammed in with hardened characters like Félix Radilla, wanted for 85 murders, and Constancio ("Black Animal") Hernández García, whose gang gunned down 18 soldiers a few months ago. The prisoners pay a price for everything: a cot to sleep on, half-decent food to eat, "protection" from the other prisoners, a few hours of privacy with a wife or girl friend. Many who can afford it simply buy their way out.

Long Way to Go. Tax money that should go for law enforcement in Guerrero often finds its way into someone's pocket. One day recently, almost 20% of Acapulco's 120-man police force quit because it had not been paid for 70 days. The state police force has dwindled from an original 140 men a year ago to ten; the policemen quit or get killed off faster than they can be replaced.

The army's roundup of weapons should make the life of an Acapulco cop somewhat easier. The arms collection has already yielded more than 3,000 assorted rifles, pistols and machine guns. There is obviously a long way to go. In the middle of the roundup, two *campesinos* smashed their way into the home of Acapulco's assistant police chief and began shooting up the place. During a bloody exchange of fire, one *campesino* was killed on the spot, and the other was lucky—or unfortunate—enough to end up a prisoner in the Acapulco jail.

CANADA

A Pragmatist for the Tories

A new political leader appeared last week on the Canadian national scene. His name is Robert Stanfield, he comes from Nova Scotia, he has a long, fine stone face clearly marked by thought, and he will be heard of a great deal in the years ahead.

Although Canada has had much entertainment lately—the glowing centennial of its independence, the excellent Montreal Expo, the amusing visit from Charles de Gaulle—its politics have been rather dreary. The Liberal government under Lester Pearson has gone quietly on its way, strengthening relations between French- and English-speaking Canada, expanding foreign trade, and boosting an economy that has been growing 6% a year.

Meanwhile, the Conservative Party, which was knocked from power by the Liberals in 1963, drifted along under the shaky but cantankerous leadership of John Diefenbaker, 72, the suspicious Westerner who has been trying to blot out modern life with interminable reflections on the pure, brave simplicities of his youth. At long last, after a seven-month battle, Dief decided to quit as Conservative boss, but not without making a final spectacle of himself, first by running for the leadership, which hardly anybody wanted, then by giving up after the third ballot and backing a candidate who was rejected by the Conservative Convention in favor of Stanfield.

Four-Time Winner. Bob Stanfield, 53, a lawyer by training, comes from a rich old Nova Scotia family that made its fortune in knitting mills; winter long Johns, one of its products, were known during the Yukon gold rush as "Stanfield's unshrinkables." An unassuming pragmatist, he took over Nova Scotia's Conservative leadership in 1947, when the party did not hold a single seat in the provincial legislature. Nine years later he came to power, and has since won three elections. When fellow party members suggested that he run for Diefenbaker's job, Stanfield at first demurred. For a man who has "always been able to keep a part of myself out of politics," he says, there was little allure to a job that he likened to "a commitment to enter the priesthood." But he finally felt his vocation.

As the new Conservative leader, Stanfield will face a tough public relations job in reselling a party long identified with Diefenbaker and his rogue-elephant ways. Privately indecisive, moody and often querulous, Diefenbaker won office in 1957 mainly on the strength of his flamboyant public charm. Partly because of his uncertain leadership—but also because of forces he could not possibly control—Canada's economy weakened and its politics became Balkanized, with East turning against West, French-speaking Quebec against English Canada, and many Canadians against the U.S. After the Conservative defeat

in 1963, Diefenbaker proved no more adept at opposition leader, triggering endless party squabbles and offering only a free-swinging, scattershot opposition to the Liberal government.

Unlike Diefenbaker, Stanfield is a consensus man. "I'm not interested in empty decision making just to show I am decisive," he says. His policies will differ from the Liberal program mostly "in terms of priorities." He is a progressive who sees no "original sin" in government economic planning and built so elaborate a welfare program in Nova Scotia that he was called a Conservative socialist. At the same time, he wants Canada's growing welfare state to be administered in a more business-like way. Like Pearson—and unlike Diefenbaker—Stanfield believes broadly in warmer relations with the U.S. and more foreign investment in Canada. With his accession, the Conservative Party's main power base will automatically shift from Diefenbaker's Western prairies to the Atlantic provinces. Stanfield will also pay more attention to Ontario and Quebec, Canada's two biggest provinces, which were long neglected under Diefenbaker.

Drift in Feeling. Pearson's Liberals are well aware of what they are now up against. Though Canada is prospering as never before, public sentiment is drifting away from Pearson's brand of big-government spending. If Stanfield can hang on to Diefenbaker's strongholds in the West and win Ontario, a new election could well reduce the Liberals to a party significant only in its traditional power base, Quebec.

Pearson plans to sit tight for a while and watch Stanfield in action. Then he will decide whether, at 70, he wants to confirm his leadership by calling new elections (he has until the fall of 1970) or convene his own party convention and let power pass to a younger leader.



STANFIELD IN HALIFAX
A reluctant entry to the priesthood.

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PEOPLE

"I just love my nose—goes with the setting," said the masked guest, tilting his twelve-inch rubber proboscis toward the Tiepolo frescoes on the ceiling of Venice's Palazzo Ca' Rezzonica. It was the season's gaudiest *Ballo in Maschera* (masked ball), and more than 500 of the plumiest knights and dames of the international round table had donned their most expensive armor to dance, taste champagne, guess each other's identities and incidentally raise money for the Venetian artisans still suffering the effects of last November's widespread floods. When the masks came off at 1:30 a.m., the revelers turned out to include: Prince Rainier and Princess Grace, Aristotle Onassis, Gian Carlo Menotti, Paul Getty, Princess Alexandra of Greece, three Princesses Ruspoli, Rose Kennedy, Clare Boothe Luce, Sonny and Marylou Whitney, who wore rhinestones in honor of her recent \$780,000 jewel theft, and Richard and

able minutes of film for his show, and increased respect for big-car racing. "Boy, you put your life in your hands every time you go out there," he said. "It's kind of like television."

Said Israeli Foreign Minister Abba Eban, 52, as he wearily prepared to return from Tel Aviv to the word wars at the U.N. General Assembly in Manhattan: "If the Arab League made a motion at the U.N. Assembly that the world was flat, they would get 40 votes for it."

All she really wanted, she kept saying, was to be able to return to her beloved husband, Indonesia's deposed President Sukarno, 66, but the forces

L.B.J. introduced him to White House reporters. "No one," said Johnson, "has done more to help us work with our economy" than Leslie T. Hope, 64, a wealthy, California-based cosmopolite whose unpaid avocation is promoting U.S. Government bonds. In a curiously disjointed response, the salesman touched on Shirley Temple Black's campaign for Congress ("Ev Dirksen is the only one who complains that one set of curls in Congress is enough"), gave informal confirmation to suspicions that he is a White House intimate. "Lynda looked just marvelous," said Hope, nicknamed Bob, "and I'm sure she and General Robb will be happy."

A guy can get hungry whirlybirding around South Viet Nam, and Bobby and Ethel Kennedy have all those kids of their own, and—well, it was worth a try, anyway. So Army Specialists 4/C Michael Garrity and Thomas Mooney sent a wistful note to the Senator: "Can Ethel make cookies?" Bingo! Back across the Pacific came an enormous



VICOMTESSE DE RIBES & FAIRBANKS

Elizabeth Burton, who had dispatched a plane first to Sardinia and then to Rome to fetch the proper dress for the ball. Amidst all the gaiety, practically no one noticed that the ball raised only \$40,000 for the beleaguered Venetian artisans—a donation of less than \$80 per Beautiful Person. But after all, did not the Tiepolo nose belong to Douglas Fairbanks, and was it not swizzled in his champagne by Vicomtesse Jacqueline de Ribes, charter member of the jet set—and was that not what a *Ballo in Maschera* was really all about?

There was clearly a screw loose somewhere, but luckily not in the car. Down the straightaway of the Indianapolis Speedway at 160 m.p.h. whooshed the revolutionary, turbo-powered machine that had run away with the last "500" until breaking down eight miles from the finish. The driver: TV Comic Johnny Carson, 41, whose racing experience has consisted mostly of running after taxicabs in the rain. Carson came away from the stunt with (in descending order of surprise) his life, six us-



ROSE KENNEDY
Nose for champagne.

of evil have conspired to keep them apart. While she waited, Ratna Sari Dewi, 27, the Bung's fifth wife, has been living in Tokyo for ten months, but now even Japan has become unbearable. "What with all that smear about me in Japanese weeklies, I haven't had a day of repose," complained Dewi, disclosing that she had filed suit against the publisher of a novel about a former nightclub hostess who marries an Asian President. For consolation, Dewi has packed up six-month-old Kartika Sari and flown off to New York City and the hospitality of Cindy Adams, wife of a nightclub comedian and author of an as-told-to autobiography of Sukarno.

The financier whom the President has called "our country's No. 1 bond salesman" was in Washington to confer with the Treasury Department, and



RICHARD & ELIZABETH BURTON

box of cookies. Bingo! Off went another note, this time to the White House: "Can Lady Bird make cookies?" They're waiting, and so's the whole 269th Combat Aviation Battalion.

"One idea I want to get rid of," said Theatrician Peter Ustinov, 46, "is that of Actor Ustinov coming in to save a fragile bauble—a script by Writer Ustinov." By way of making his point, Ustinov is looking on as his new play, *Halfway Up the Tree*, opens this season in five productions in four countries in three languages—and he won't have a role in any of them. Lest he seem totally idle, he will direct the New York version, hop over to London occasionally to watch Sir John Gielgud direct that company, shove on to France to listen in on his own translation, and maybe catch the productions in Berlin and Düsseldorf for a change of pace. "It's bad," said Ustinov. "I'll be living in airplanes. But at least I won't have to play Wednesday matinees."

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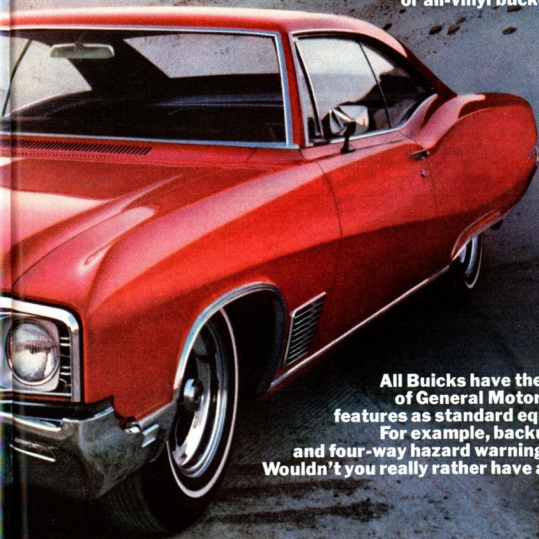
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EDUCATION

PUBLIC SCHOOLS

Pursuit of Power

In New York and Detroit last week, teacher strikes all but paralyzed the cities' public school systems. In Baltimore and parts of Florida, classes opened only after teachers had won gains in salary or working conditions in hotly contested contract disputes. Feeding the new mood of teacher militancy is the rivalry between the 1,000,000-member National Educational Association and the A.F.L.-C.I.O.'s American Federation of Teachers (membership: 142,000), which have long vied for the allegiance of the nation's teachers. Last week the two organizations seemed to be in a muscular contest to show who could be tougher in talking—or not talking—with school boards. A.F.T. locals were responsible for the power plays in New York, East St. Louis, Baltimore and Detroit; elsewhere in Michigan, where 14 school districts were closed, N.E.A. affiliates took the lead, as they did in Florida.

Despite their rivalry, both organizations seemed to interpret the mood of U.S. teachers in similar terms. "We have a new type of more aggressive, more alert teacher all over this nation who wants to help determine the policies that affect him," declared N.E.A. President Braulio Alonso. "This is the beginning of a real revolution in the teaching profession." Teachers, echoed Albert Shanker, president of New York's United Federation of Teachers, a local of the A.F.T., "have to have power—this is a revolutionary change."

The Right to Fire. Salaries were the dominant issue in all the disputes; yet teachers also insisted—perhaps a little too often—that they were equally concerned about the conditions that keep them from doing their jobs more ef-



GIARDINO SHANKER
A one-way street, or else.

fectively. Some of the requests seemed reasonable enough. In addition to a \$500 salary hike, Baltimore teachers, for example, won the right to refuse such time-consuming chores as toilet patrols and supervising afterhours playgrounds. But there were other contract demands that school boards clearly could not consider. Striking teachers in Oak Park, Mich., demanded the right to fire their principals and to turn off school intercoms when announcements interfere with their teaching.

Union determination was most visible and disruptive in New York City, where 45,000 out of 55,000 teachers in the city's public schools ignored a court order to report for work after rejecting a two-year, \$125 million salary increase. Supervisors and volunteers—ranging from rabbis to S.N.C.C. Leader H. Rap Brown to an assortment of eager but inexperienced parents—tried to keep classes going, but they served as little more than baby sitters. At P.S. 146, Assistant Principal Royce Phillips even picked up a guitar, led pupils in a sing-along session.

As student absenteeism climbed to 60%, city attorneys sought a criminal-contempt citation against U.F.T. leaders for violating the earlier court order; Shanker and his aides could go to jail, while the union could be fined up to \$10,000 a day. Negotiations, meanwhile, reached a standstill. Alfred Giardino, president of the board of education, charged that "to the U.F.T., negotiation is a one-way street—the board must accept its lists of many demands or else."

Table Pounding. By going on strike, the U.F.T. has managed to alienate countless citizens who otherwise are sympathetic to the teachers' long-running battles with the bureaucracy-encrusted board of education. Many failed to see how the union could turn down the \$125 million offer—proposed by a mediation panel consisting of three university law professors—which would have raised salaries at least \$1,000 a year. At one negotiation meeting, Mayor John Lindsay pounded the table in anger over the union's blunt refusal to

respect "the integrity of asking a third party to judge the issues."

Another source of animosity was the union's insistence that teachers should have a say on whether to expel unruly students who are disrupting classes—a responsibility that the board of education insists should be reserved to supervisors. While on the picket lines, teachers were taunted by irate Negro parents, who saw the union's demands as a plot to deprive their children of the right to learn. Some parents, regardless of race, seemed to feel that ignoring a court order was an unprofessional way for the teachers to achieve their goals. "You never had it so good!" cried one woman to pickets outside Manhattan's P.S. 82. "Two-month paid vacations—what more do you want?"

"Castrated." What they want, admits the U.F.T.'s Shanker, is "power." Right now, he argues, the public holds teachers "accountable for the failure of the schools, but they are not accountable because they are without power"—over curriculum, discipline or innovations in teaching. "Teachers have been castrated," he contends, by administrators across the country, many of whom are merely "ex-football coaches," who ask teachers to act like professionals but do not let them make professional judgments. "Does a hospital administrator come down to the operating room and tell an anesthesiologist or a surgeon what to do?" Shanker asks. School boards, he argues, should "decide what the product of schooling shall be," but teachers have the best knowledge of how to develop that product. The deadening devotion of many teachers to time-encrusted routine, however, makes this point debatable.

On the picket lines last week, many of Shanker's teachers did seem as concerned about their demands for smaller classes, extension of a U.F.T.-initiated program of stronger specialized staffs in ghetto schools, and new ways to



PARENT ENTERTAINING STUDENTS AT P.S. 125
Baby sitters amid the battle.



HARLEMITES PROTESTING STRIKE
Deprived of the right to learn.

deal with class-disrupting kids as over salary. "We don't want to throw a kid out just for the hell of it," one woman picket explained, "but if we don't do something, the entire class can't operate." Summed up another: "We want to be treated as professionals, we want to do a professional job, and we want professional conditions." Whatever the outcome, teachers in New York and elsewhere are not likely to abandon their new militancy. Predicted N.E.A. President Alonso: "There will be more turmoil next year than this year."

Reunion in Montana

The same rouged portraits of Lincoln and Washington clung to the walls, the same brass bell dominated the teacher's desk, the same science case held birds' nests and pickled fish. And in a one-room schoolhouse in the lower Flathead River Valley of northern Montana, Retired Teacher Lucy Blachly, still sharp and saucy at 78, smiled through swells of emotion and apologized to her greying former students—all of whom she remembered by name—for how she had treated them 60 years ago. "I do hope that none of you hears me ill will for being such a strict teacher," she said. "I really loved you all."

To celebrate the 63rd anniversary of the opening of the Rousselle country school, 75 of its oldtime pupils showed up this month for a weekend of reunion and reminiscence—and celebration of a kind of education that is vanishing from the American scene. Lucy Blachly (now Mrs. Ernest F. Smith of Chico, Calif.) and the school's first teacher, Norine McDonnell, 82 (now Mrs. Roman Zeller of nearby Kalispell), recalled how farmers petitioned the county to open the school in 1904 for the valley's 26 children, including year-old baby Alma McClarty and Henry Dietrich, 19. They even built a barn for Adia Oldenburg's spotted riding horse, since she was too "delicate" a girl to walk the three miles to school.

Hissing Geese. Lucy Blachly, who landed the \$40-a-month job at the school in 1907 when she was only 17,

paid \$15 a month for an unheated room at the McClarty farmhouse, hiked 11 miles to school each morning through snow or mud with two of her pupils, Homer and Percy McClarty. The three clung together for mutual comfort; she feared the farmyard geese that "hissed and nipped at my legs above my buttoned hoots"; they feared the somber Blackfeet Indians, who fished in the Flathead River. The trio hurried along, since before every class Miss Blachly had to put all the lessons on the blackboard in her neat, round Palmer script for the students to copy—no one had a textbook.

Progress was slow, since the older boys were excused for harvesting in fall, planting in spring, and boys of all ages took a "potato vacation." Girls stayed home to help their mothers through a pregnancy or the canning season. Yet even though the potbellied stove never quite coped with the Montana winters, only temperatures under 45° below could close the school. "I felt as if each day in school was precious to the children," Miss Blachly recalls, "and that I must fill it to the brim," since a few months each winter was "all the education they were going to get before taking up their adult lives."

Looking back, Jeannette Kleinhans Lussier, 64, recalls most fondly the "wonderful times" playing games at lunch time, such as Last Man Out, run sheep run, Pom-Pom-Pullaway, red rover and, after the first snow, fox and geese. Homer McClarty, still an affluent well-driller in Kalispell, still boasts of how his "big yellow dog Snipe" attended school with him every day for seven years, huddled close to the stove with the kids on the worst days and really deserved "a graduation certificate."

Despite a declining population in the area, Flathead Valley's farmers have sacrificed to keep the Rousselle School going. When the school dropped below the legal minimum of nine full-time students last year and failed to qualify for state aid, residents of the district simply voted a hike in their property tax to meet the budget of \$5,631.

Reading & Writing. The building itself has changed little, although it has indoor toilets and an oil furnace now, plus a "teachage" (a small apartment in which the resident teacher can stay overnight when roads get rough). This year a traveling teacher will stop by periodically to provide art and music instruction, as well as a van with tape recorders and an overhead projector to improve science lessons. Otherwise, the curriculum is much the same as it was when Lucy Blachly arrived in 1907: reading, writing and arithmetic, spelling, grammar and penmanship.

None of Rousselle's graduates have gone on to fame or fortune, yet by and large they look back at their school days with a measure of pride and satisfaction. "There were lots of things we missed, but lots we gained," said Alumna Sara Kleinhans Fine. "If a teacher had grace and manners, she passed this on to the boys and girls in her school. You learned according to the quality of the teacher." Besides, she added, Rousselle offered its innocent students an intangible gift that today's crowded, businesslike urban school finds hard to emulate: "The country school allowed you to be a child a little longer."

TEACHERS

Not Guilty

High School Teacher Maurice C. McNeill (TIME, Sept. 15) was cleared last week of charges that he had molested a white girl student by the school board in Baldwin, N.Y., which ordered him reinstated in his job with full back pay.

UNIVERSITIES

Happy Marriage in Chicago

In 1961, when Geneticist George Beadle was teaching at Caltech, University of Chicago Law Dean Edward H. Levi persuaded him to give up a life of scholarship and research to take the Chicago presidency. A few years later, when the University of California sought out Levi as chancellor at Berkeley, Beadle told Levi, then Chicago's provost: "If

BOLLY CONNELLY



PIONEER ROUSSELLE SCHOOL CLASS (CIRCA 1908)



MEMBERS OF CLASS AT SCHOOL'S 63RD ANNIVERSARY

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FM/AM personal radio.

you want to run a university, why don't you take my place and run this one?" Levi stayed on at Chicago—and last week he was named by its trustees to succeed Beadle, who will retire next year. Levi will become Chicago's eighth chief executive and one of the few Jewish scholars ever to head a major U.S. university.

A committee of seven trustees and seven professors had run through a list of 70 possible presidential candidates. But every time they met, explained Board Chairman Fairfax Cone, "all had the same candidate—Mr. Levi. He was our standard. No others matched that standard." A shy, unpretentious man who likes bow ties and fine cigars, Levi, 56, has employed a dry wit and a lawyer's tough logic in his pivotal task under Beadle: raiding other faculties of their top talent. An aristocratic intellectual who reads widely at jet-pace speed, Levi developed a rapport with ac-

ARTHUR SIEGEL



LEVI

Standard for all.

ademicians that neatly complemented Beadle's administrative and fund-raising skills.

One Chicago professor calls the appointment "the happiest marriage that's ever been arranged," since Levi's entire scholastic life, except for a single graduate year at Yale, has been linked with the university. He grew up in the school's Hyde Park neighborhood, attended its laboratory schools from kindergarten through high school, went on to earn his law degree there. His entire academic career has been spent at the university as professor, law dean and provost.

Levi has thus been intimately involved in Chicago's traumatic leadership shifts: the academic brilliance and financial decline under Robert Hutchins, whom Levi admired; the civic-minded fight to rebuild crime-ridden slums surrounding the university under Lawrence Kimpton; the drive to regain academic stature and financial stability under Beadle. Levi last week left no doubt about what he will emphasize. Said he: "To be a great and exciting university requires, above all, a great faculty."

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REPORTERS

Maintaining the Public Welfare

Strange to say, the Detroit TV commentator whose question brought on George Romney's Viet Nam "brainwashing" response spends less than half of his waking hours as a newsmen. During daylight, Lou Gordon, 49, is a \$50,000-a-year middleman for a women's-clothing manufacturer. He wears slick suits, a toupee—and sometimes a gun. By moonlight, he is a part-time exposé specialist on Detroit radio (WXYZ) and UHF television (WKBD). For more than a decade, he has been collecting ugly facts in Detroit and spilling them out to a mildly fascinated public. Always, he says, in the interest of "public welfare."

Partly through awe, partly through fear, partly because Gordon will not take no for an answer, a long and covert chain of news sources in and around Detroit's city government provide him with muck to rake. Working newsmen abhor him, as much for his beats and his seemingly unlimited sources within the bowels of the city as for his cocky personality and flamboyant journalism.

Personal Peccadilloes. Tiring of straight interviews soon after he started a program on WXYZ-TV in 1957, Gordon quickly turned to dirt digging. He ruffled the influential Detroit Athletic Club when he revealed that it was attempting to have an adjacent city street closed for use as a parking lot. The club, which lists Gordon as a member, was forced to buy the property. Then he disclosed a ticket-scalping ring made up of box-office employees at Tiger Stadium. Detroit Tigers Owner Harvey Hansen demanded the names of the scalpers, but Gordon snapped, "That isn't my job." He told Hansen to find the culprits himself.

In 1960, the exposés became too controversial for WXYZ and Gordon was eased off the air. But a change in management brought him back on a five-minute radio show that is still running. Since then, Gordon has found out that Wayne County Sheriff Peter Buback was illegally selling raffle tickets for his own re-election campaign committee. Buback has since been indicted by a grand jury, is now awaiting trial. Topping off Gordon's electronic exposure of peccadilloes, Basil Brown, chairman of the state-senate judiciary committee, publicly confessed to alcoholism and numerous drunk-driving arrests on Gordon's TV program after the commentator had raked him over the coals.

Wayward Footsteps. Gordon's most effective brickbats have been tossed at the mayor's office. In 1960, he proclaimed that Detroit's Mayor Louis Miriani was running the city \$34 million in the red, despite a city charter specifically outlawing deficit spending. Then Gordon let it be known that Miriani

had amassed a too-chic-to-be-mayorly wardrobe, also had been junketing to New York at the expense of lobbyists as well as soliciting city-government appointees to buy \$10 tickets to his annual birthday parties. Federal authorities and listeners were equally appalled; Miriani, now a city councilman, is awaiting trial to account for \$250,000 in unreported "gift" income.

In 1965, Kaiser Broadcasting signed Gordon up for a 10 p.m.-to-midnight Sunday TV show on Detroit's WKBD. Detroit Mayor Jerome P. Cavanagh, who displaced incumbent Miriani in 1962 thanks partly to Gordon's exposés, unsuccessfully sought to get his one-

J. EDWARD BAILEY



GORDON

Raking muck in the moonlight.

time friend and ally fired. His reason: Gordon had turned on Cavanagh, accusing him of borrowing money from appointees, heavy drinking, womanizing and generally following in the wayward footsteps of Miriani. In July, Gordon broke the news that the mayor's wife Mary had filed suit for separate maintenance. A few weeks ago, Gordon opened wounds again by reporting that Cavanagh had closed his wife's charge account at Sears, Roebuck—much to her embarrassment when she tried to purchase school shoes for four of her eight children.

Scorned and reviled by many in Detroit for his personal abrasiveness and scandal-oriented journalism, Gordon remains unperturbed. His TV show has recently been expanded to two nights a week in Detroit and syndicated for pickup in Philadelphia and Boston. Moonlight muckraking adds \$50,000 a year to Gordon's income, and as he points out proudly, "I have never been sued and have never had to make a retraction."

News, News, News

St. Louis' WIL, which may be the oldest commercial radio station west of the Mississippi, is scheduled to switch this week to all news. So doing, it joins a string of half a dozen other broadcasters who have decided to give up music, sunrise chitchat and daytime lady talk for news, news, news.

Switch-on-any-time news sounds simple—a 30- or 45-minute cycle of news coverage that begins with ten minutes or so of local and world news on the hour and half-hour, then sandwiches in weather, sports, interviews, stock-market reports. Then around again, with fresh material added when needed. On-the-spot reporters can break in at any time from the scene of a fire, or a press conference. But the simplicity is deceptive, and the stations that have gone in for all news without irritating their listeners or boring them to death are rare.

Into the Black. One of the least boring is WAVA, which covers Washington, D.C., from Arlington, Va. While admitting that the location has built-in advantages, WAVA's executive vice president, John Burren, points to fan mail from Congressmen, Government officials and businessmen complimenting the station for its continuous, up-to-the-minute coverage of the Arab-Israeli war. Even the President has had his office wired so he can monitor WAVA instantly.

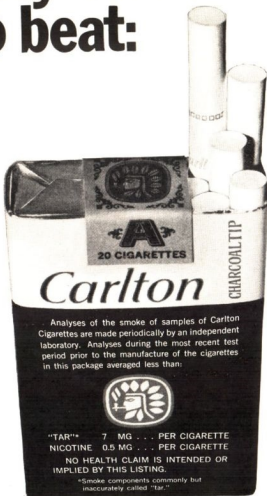
Philadelphia's KYW, losing money 19 months ago with disk-jockey noises, has gone into all news and into the black. Listener ratings show a jump of almost 400% in the past two years, and last week the station won the annual Radio-TV News Directors Award for its coverage of the Glassboro summit.

Some of the problems with all news are all too detectable in the teething troubles of New York's WCBS, which began competing with the city's profitable and professional all-news pioneer WINS last month. The hard news was no problem—CBS has been reporting it for years. But the filler—sports for women only, psychologists answering letters from worried mothers, non-interviews with non-persons—showed signs of strain. The station developed a serious case of call letteritis ("And now, CBS news presents the CBS weather report"), mentioning CBS or WCBS about 35 times an hour. It also suffers from a lingering trace of the oldtime-radio multiple-blyne syndrome: "We now take you to the White House for a report from Dan Rather," "This is Dan Rather at the White House," and following the report, "This is Dan Rather returning you to CBS in New York."

Costly Effort. WCBS should grow out of its pains; in its three years, Chicago's WNUS has done anything but. Most of its monotonous news coverage, the product of a 23-man staff, sounds as though it were ripped off the wire-service ticker and read without the least

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editing. WNUS listeners have also endured reports from Viet Nam by Station Owner Gordon McLendon, 46, and from Tel Aviv by his 23-year-old daughter Jan. As befits its product, WNUS ranks a poor seventh in overall Windy City listeners.

Those stations that attempt to do the all-news format justice have found it costly in dollars and effort. KYW General Manager Robert Whitney estimates that his beefed-up staff is "at least five times" the size of a regular radio news team. WCBS in New York has increased its news staff from 16 to 38, will add 15 more by Jan. 1. At Los Angeles' KABC-FM, news segments are updated every half-hour, rewritten completely at least twelve times a day. Nonetheless, the all-news format is paying off for some stations. Scanning the balance sheets after 2½ years of news-only operation, WAVA's Burgreen predicts that "within the next five years there will be stations like this in the top 20 markets across the country."

PUBLISHERS

Man of Two Worlds

The highlights of Joseph Pulitzer's life are well known: his rags-to-riches rise to become publisher of two leading U.S. dailies, his championing of the underdog, his epic battles with William Randolph Hearst, his efforts to upgrade journalism by establishing the Pulitzer prizes. Now, for the first time, a biographer has filled in the gaps between the accomplishments in vast detail. The evidence mounts up in William Swanberg's *Pulitzer** that the famed publisher was a far more erratic and self-tortured personality than is generally realized.

Within Pulitzer, writes Swanberg, were "two warring individuals—Pulitzer the reformer and Pulitzer the salesman." On the one hand, Pulitzer's two principal newspapers—the St. Louis Post-Dispatch and the New York World—showed a zeal for reform that changed and a passion for reform that changed the shape of U.S. journalism. On the other hand, Pulitzer built up circulation by pandering to the lowest public tastes.

Quick to Boil. Pulitzer's early life in Hungary, where he was born in 1847, is shrouded in obscurity. What is known is that when he left home at 17, he first tried to enlist in the army—anybody's army. But one nation after another turned him down because of his poor eyesight and frail physique. Only the Union Army, desperate for recruits in the Civil War, was willing to take him.

After his nine-month stint ended, Pulitzer moved to St. Louis. He took a

* Swanberg's biography *Citizen Hearst* was nominated for a prize by the Pulitzer Advisory Board in 1961, then rejected by the Columbia board of trustees because Hearst did not qualify as an example of "unselfish service to the people." Swanberg may not face that same problem with Pulitzer.

reporting job with the German-language Westliche Post and made it his business to expose graft wherever he could find it. At 22 he was elected to the state house of representatives—although his political career was damaged when in a burst of rage he shot a local politician in the leg. Pulitzer paid his \$100 fine and went back to journalism. At 31, he bought the bankrupt St. Louis Dispatch, merged it three days later with the smaller Post. He shocked St. Louis by lambasting its leading families for undervaluing property in order to avoid taxes. He accused gas and insurance companies of fraudulent practices. "The crusade," writes Swanberg, "was simply the Pulitzer personality expressed in print."

That personality got the Post-Dispatch in trouble. An outraged citizen

DOWN BROTHERS



JOSEPH PULITZER (CIRCA 1900)
Simply the personality in print.

who felt that he had been insulted by a P-D crusade stormed into the newspaper office, threatened Editor John Cockerill and was shot dead for his trouble. Although Cockerill escaped indictment, St. Louis turned against Pulitzer and his crusades; the paper's circulation slumped badly. Pulitzer decided to put the paper in the hands of a respected local citizen and leave town with his wife Kate.

A Walk down the Bowery. He headed for New York City, where he soon bought the money-losing World from Financier Jay Gould for \$346,000. "Gentlemen," Pulitzer told his new staff, "heretofore you have all been living in the parlor and taking baths every day. Now you are all walking down the Bowery." The World started championing the workman and the newly arrived immigrants. It was a surefire formula. In three months, circulation doubled to 40,000. Within three years, the World was the biggest paper in New York and one of the two or three most important in the nation.

To drive his competitors to the wall, Pulitzer brought out an evening World, engaged in a vicious name-calling contest with the Sun's editor, Charles Dana, who ridiculed Pulitzer's isolation from his fellow Jews and his strange refusal even to discuss Jews in his paper. Capitalizing on the World's new-found power, Pulitzer supported Grover Cleveland for President in 1884 and contributed substantially to his victory over Republican James G. Blaine. It was the World that publicized the offhand remark of a Blaine supporter that the Democratic Party was based on "rum, Romanism and rebellion"—a few ill-chosen words that cost Blaine New York State. In the Cleveland sweep, Pulitzer himself was elected to Congress from Manhattan, though he resigned after a few months because he felt he could not handle two jobs.

At 40, and at the height of his power, Pulitzer was struck by almost total blindness. His blindness, in fact, was the culmination of a truly staggering list of afflictions: asthma, insomnia, dyspepsia, diabetes, rheumatism. And behind all these, says Swanberg, lay a deep-seated psychosis that history has tended to gloss over. Pulitzer, says his biographer, was a manic-depressive. He swung from "extremes of mood, from the warmest kindness to something near ruthlessness." He became obsessed with noise; he secluded himself in a room known as the Vault, which was sealed from the rest of the house by double walls and triple-glazed windows. The passageway to the Vault rested on ball bearings so that the floor would not creak.

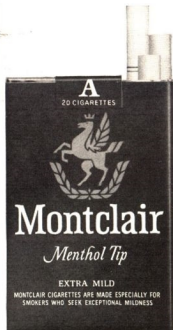
Going Yellow. The World reflected its owner's oscillations of mood. In 1895, when war with Britain was threatened because of a boundary dispute between Venezuela and British Guiana, the World calmed the jingoists by stressing U.S. ties to Britain. But when the Cubans rebelled against Spain in the 1890s, Pulitzer went to the other extreme. Worried by William Randolph Hearst's New York Journal, which had slavishly imitated the World, Pulitzer tried to outdo Hearst at atrocity stories and arousing the public.

Both the Journal and the World made heavy circulation gains with their war-mongering, but the yellow journalism that they originated became an expensive drain from which they never really recovered. After the war, Pulitzer spent his remaining years aboard his yacht or on the French Riviera. After his death in 1911, the World enjoyed a brief renaissance under Herbert Bayard Swope, but in 1931 the World papers in New York were sold to Scripps-Howard. Ultimately, it was the St. Louis Post-Dispatch that carried on the Pulitzer tradition under his son and now his grandson. But other than its name, there is not much that links today's conscientious, world-minded Post-Dispatch with the vivid sensationalism and jingoism of its complex founder.

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SPACE

Surveyor 5 Is Alive
And on the Moon

Back came new moon-surface pictures. In came data that would reveal the composition of the lunar soil. Admirable scientific achievements but, for scientific drama, the most exciting accomplishment of Surveyor 5 last week was making it to the moon at all.

The spacecraft's 65-hour trip began well. Blasting off from Cape Kennedy, Surveyor was aimed so precisely that without correction it could have hit the moon within 26 miles of its intended landing site—one of the most accurate launches achieved by the U.S. space program. But controllers at Pasadena's Jet Propulsion Laboratory, aiming for perfection, ordered a delicate midcourse maneuver to place Surveyor directly on target. It was then that the entire mission came close to disaster.

Testing a Duplicate. Immediately after the short corrective burst from Surveyor's three small vernier rockets, telemetry from the spacecraft showed that helium gas, used to pressurize both the vernier fuel and oxidizer, had begun leaking through a valve that had remained partially open. At the rate that helium was being lost, controllers feared there would not be enough pressure left to operate the engines during the final descent to the moon. The result would be a fatal crash landing.

Three times the JPL controllers ordered Surveyor's verniers to fire, hoping to jar the sticky valve shut. The leakage slowed but did not stop. Within an hour, helium pressure had dropped from 5,000 lbs. to 3,000 lbs. per sq. in. Dejectedly, some JPL scientists suggested that it would be best to fire Surveyor's retrorocket immediately, placing

the craft in high earth orbit. It would be preferable to have a live spacecraft in orbit, they argued, than a dead one on the surface of the moon.

Others kept working. Using computers, engineers calculated the rate at which the helium leak would decrease as pressure dropped. At Hughes Aircraft (Surveyor's designer and builder) and at a JPL test site, propulsion experts hurriedly put duplicate vernier engines through tests to determine their performance with low helium pressures. Feeding the results into computers, JPL scientists took less than 40 hours to work out a new and complex lunar landing sequence.

Then they put it to the crucial test of action. First they fired Surveyor's vernier engines for 33 seconds to consume more fuel and reduce the craft's landing weight. New instructions were radioed to Surveyor's memory bank and programmed into ground-based computers. As a result, the craft's main retrorocket began firing at a height of 26 miles above the lunar surface, instead of the originally planned 52 miles. It shut off at an altitude of only 4,400 ft., instead of 40,000 ft., after braking Surveyor's 6,000-m.p.h. approach speed to only 67 m.p.h., instead of 350 m.p.h.

This strategy reduced the burden on the verniers, which then had to fire only 106 secs. to stabilize the craft and slow it to a safe 8.1-m.p.h. landing. The margin was perilously close. Data analyzed after the touchdown showed that helium pressure was down to 556 lbs. per sq. in.—just 6 lbs. more than the minimum pressure required to operate the engines.

On Distant Orders. Tilted at a 20° angle on the side of a small crater, Surveyor almost immediately began transmitting high-quality photographs of

the surrounding landscape, including a shot of its own footpad covered by lunar soil kicked up by the landing. Orders from distant Pasadena, it again briefly fired its verniers while its cameras peered at the surface to observe blast effects.

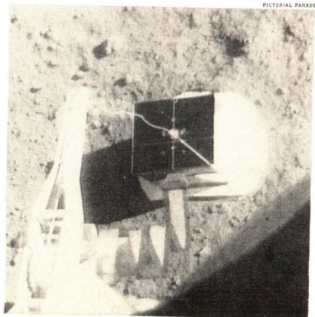
Finally, Surveyor displayed its *pièce de résistance*, lowering a gold-plated square "jewel box" to the surface. From six radioactive sources in the box, alpha particles bombarded a small area (4 sq. in.) of the lunar surface. Inside the box, delicate sensors recorded the number and velocities of alpha particles rebounding from the surface material and relayed them to earth via Surveyor's radio. By analyzing the pattern of the rebound particles, scientists hope to be able definitely to identify compounds and elements in the lunar soil. "If the experiment succeeds, it will mark the first time," said Hughes Aircraft Surveyor Program Manager Robert Roderick, "that man has been able by direct contact to analyze the composition of a celestial body."

Ark in Orbit

Surveyor's dramatic recovery overshadowed another space venture involving 1,000 vinegar gnats, 1,000 flour beetles, 560 wasps, 120 frog eggs, 875 amoebae, 13,000 bacteria cells, 78 wheat seedlings, nine pepper plants, 10 million spores of orange bread mold and 64 blue spiderwort. All this was packed aboard a space ark called Biosatellite 2 and launched into earth orbit from Cape Kennedy.

Designed to test the effects of weightlessness on living organisms, the temperature-controlled Biosatellite was stabilized in orbit to provide less than 1/100,000th of the earth's gravity for its tiny occupants. It also was equipped with a strontium 85 source that irradiated some of the organisms with gamma rays to determine whether the effects of radiation were different under weightless conditions.

Although it will take several months to discover the full impact of the space



PICTORIAL PARADE



JOHNSON WITH PEPPERS FROM SATELLITE

Things grow better in space.

GOLD BOX ON LUNAR SURFACE



THERE ARE 6 MILLION PEOPLE JUST BEYOND THESE TREES

"No small-hearted city...could have established it or made the sacrifices necessary to maintain it." That's what Frank Lloyd Wright said about the vast and wonderful system of forest preserves now bordering the city of Chicago.

Sacrifices there certainly were, particularly during the frustrating years of struggle by public-spirited citizens to gain official approval for acquiring land for parks and playgrounds.

Dwight H. Perkins, a Chicago resident with no political power or special influence, was one of the prime movers in the crusade to educate the public on the importance of preserving the forest areas in Cook County. Perkins and his friends enlisted the support of newspapers, talked to

officials and leading business men, printed and distributed thousands of leaflets, even conducted walking tours of the woodlands outside the city to give more people a first-hand knowledge of the natural beauty that could be preserved for themselves and future generations.

Although many Chicagoans were impressed and in favor, an incredible number of legal

and official roadblocks thwarted the program time and again. Public Acts were passed, then defeated, rewritten and defeated again by wrangles over technicalities that went on for 20 years.

Eventually, however, the Forest Preserve District of Cook County, Illinois was firmly established.

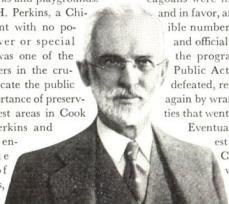
As a result, today

Chicago has more wild land within easy reach of its citizens than any other large city in the U.S.—a priceless gift that frees the city dweller from his straightjacket of cement to breathe deeper and restore his spirit in the woodlands at the end of the street.

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V.O.



trip on Biosatellite's passengers, some of the results were immediately evident after the parachuting capsule had been plucked from the air over the Pacific by a C-130 recovery plane. Dartmouth Botanist Charles J. Lyon took a look at Biosatellite's wheat seedlings and found that they had germinated, sending out roots and sprouts that were normal in form but sprawling in unusual directions because of the lack of gravity.

North American Aviation Plant Physiologist Samuel Johnson opened the pepper plant packages and found their leaves folded down and turned under. "This is astounding," he said. "It shows that gravity really controls the orientation of a plant to a much greater extent than I had anticipated." And to Biologist Rudolph Mattoni, in charge of the bacteria experiment, there were "very, very preliminary indications that the stuff in space grew better and to a greater density than the same stuff on earth."

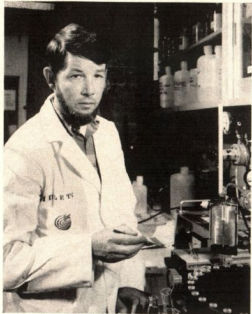
NUCLEAR PHYSICS

The Heaviest Atom

Near the beginning of time, the universe almost certainly contained many elements heavier than uranium, the heaviest element that exists naturally on earth. Gradually these "transuranium" elements disappeared, decomposing by radioactive decay into lighter and more stable elements. During the past few decades, however, at least eleven transuranium elements and their isotopes have reappeared, thanks to the ingenuity of man. In their latest atomic synthesis, nuclear physicists have produced the heaviest atom known to man, a new isotope of the element mendelevium, which itself was first artificially created in 1965.

As is often the case in science, researchers at the University of California's Lawrence Radiation Laboratory were attempting to synthesize an entirely different isotope when mendelevium 258 was created. A team led by Nuclear Chemist E. Kenneth Hulet was using the laboratory's heavy ion linear accelerator to bombard a tiny amount of einsteinium (a transuranium element discovered in 1952) with alpha particles which consist of two protons and two neutrons. "We expected the alpha particles to join with the heavier isotope of einsteinium," says Hulet, "and then decay by a process called 'electron capture' to fermium 258."

Delightful Half Life. Because the most recently discovered transuranium elements decompose quickly, the sci-



DR. HULET WITH MENDELEVIVM 258 SAMPLES
On to the very limits of matter.

entists hurriedly analyzed the einsteinium target after the bombardment. To their surprise, they discovered a minute amount—fewer than 30,000 atoms—of a mysterious and heavy isotope, which they later identified as mendelevium 258. Even stranger, the isotope—unlike many of its transuranium counterparts—appeared to be in no rush to disappear. The California scientists eventually determined that its half life (the time in which half the atoms of an element decay) was nearly two months. This compared, for example, with only eight seconds for lawrencium 257, until now the heaviest of the known atoms.

No one yet understands why mendelevium 258 is so long-lived. "It's possible," speculates Hulet, "that because of the structure of the nucleus, certain kinds of decay are hindered." Whatever the reason, scientists are delighted. The long half life will enable them eventually to accumulate more substantial amounts of the new isotope and to study its properties at leisure. Even more important, mendelevium stays around long enough to make a good target for high-velocity particle accelerators. And it is by the bombardment of uranium and transuranium elements that even heavier elements and their isotopes have been created.

Hulet hopes to continue creating and identifying ever-heavier atoms. "We want to investigate the very limits of matter," he says. Much more than mere scientific curiosity could be involved. It was in an attempt to create transuranium elements that scientists first bombarded a rare isotope, uranium 235, with slow neutrons. Investigating the strange reaction that resulted, they discovered nuclear fission.

AVIATION

Safer Skies

Two of aviation's greatest hazards are pilot error and fire. Last week two potent weapons were introduced that should lessen these hazards and make the skies safer. At Dayton, Air Force researchers demonstrated a material that they say will greatly reduce explosions and fires in airplane fuel tanks. And in Manhattan, American Airlines announced development of a Big Brother device that will watch nearly every move a pilot makes during flight, spot his errors and provide information to help him correct them before they cause any real difficulties.

The Air Force contribution to aviation safety is a polyurethane foam that is stuffed into aircraft fuel tanks. Although the spongelike material fills the tank, it soaks up the fuel and capacity is not significantly reduced. The orange polyurethane, by containing the fuel and its vapor, reduces the possibility of explosion or fire when the tank is hit by a bullet or ruptures during a crash. At the Air Force demonstration, a bullet fired into a fuel-and-foam-filled tank produced only a slight glow as fuel vapor escaping from the pressurized tank ignited outside. Foam has been successfully used for nine months in the tanks of HH-3E helicopters and other aircraft operating in Viet Nam, the Air Force disclosed, and the Federal Aviation Administration is now investigating the substance for possible use in commercial aircraft.

Supervising the Pilot. In Manhattan, American Airlines disclosed that Astrolog recorders would soon be installed on 20 of its BAC-111 jets. Converting electrical impulses from transducers attached to the plane's instruments and equipment into 0- to 5-volt signals, Astrolog will record them on a tape that will be fed into a computer. From the data, the computer will define such indications of pilot performance as bank angles, speed in turbulence, sink rate and even use of the public-address system. It will also spot any unsafe maneuvers or actions and print out "exception reports" that the airline will use to help the pilot correct his techniques. "In effect," said an airline official, "the device will put a supervisory pilot on every flight."

American is also installing Astrolog maintenance recorders, which the crew can switch on to take complete readings on engine-performance facts from rotor speed to fuel flow at any time during the flight. At the end of each flying day, the taped engine data will be sent over telephone wires to American's maintenance center in Tulsa, Okla. where a computer will print out a daily report on the engine's condition. Thus Astrolog will spot engine problems before they become serious and will probably reduce the number of routine engine inspections now required.

MUSIC

POP MUSIC

The Messengers

(See Cover)

The cover on a new LP album called *Sgt. Pepper's Lonely Hearts Club Band* is a photomontage of a crowd gathered round a grave. And a curious crowd it is: Marilyn Monroe is there, so are Karl Marx, Edgar Allan Poe, Albert Einstein, Lawrence of Arabia, Mae West, Sonny Liston, and eight Beatles.

Eight? Well, four of them, standing around looking like wax dummies, are indeed wax models of the Beatles as most people remember them: nicely

change and experimentation. Messengers from beyond rock 'n' roll, they are creating the most original, expressive and musically interesting sounds being heard in pop music. They are leading an evolution in which the best of current post-rock sounds are becoming something that pop music has never been before: an art form. "Serious musicians" are listening to them and marking their work as a historic departure in the progress of music—any music.

Ned Rorem, composer of some of the best of today's art songs, says: "They are colleagues of mine, speaking the same language with different accents."



"SGT. PEPPER" ALBUM COVER (BEATLES STANDING CENTER)
A long way from holding hands to turning on.

brushed long hair, dark suits, faces like sassy choirboys. The other four Beatles are very much alive: thin, hippie-looking, mustachioed, bedecked in bright, bizarre uniforms. Though their expressions seem subdued, their eyes glint with a new awareness tinged with a little of the old mischief. As for the grave in the foreground: it has THE BEATLES spelled out in flowers trimmed with marijuana plants.

With characteristic self-mockery, the Beatles are proclaiming that they have snuffed out their old selves to make room for the new Beatles incarnate. And there is some truth to it. Without having lost any of the genial anarchism with which they helped revolutionize the life style of young people in Britain, Europe and the U.S., they have moved on to a higher artistic plateau.

Cunning Collages. Rich and secure enough to go on repeating themselves—or to do nothing at all—they have exercised a compulsion for growth,

In fact, he adds, the Beatles' haunting composition, *She's Leaving Home*—one of twelve songs in the *Sgt. Pepper* album—"is equal to any song that Schubert ever wrote." Conductor Leonard Bernstein's appreciation is just as high; he cites Schumann. As Musicologist Henry Pleasants says: "The Beatles are where music is right now."

Like all good popular artists, the Beatles have a talent for distilling the moods of their time. Gilbert and Sullivan's frolics limned the pomposities of the Victorian British Empire; Cole Porter's urbanities were wonderful tonics for the hung-over '30s; Rodgers and Hammerstein's ballads reflected the sentiment and seriousness of the World War II era. Today the Beatles' cunning collages piece together scraps of tension between the generations, the loneliness of the dislocated '60s, and the bitter sweets of young love in any age. At the same time, their sensitivity to the absurd is sharper than ever.

Cheerful Skewering. By contrast, their early music had exuberance and an occasional oasis of unexpected harmony, but otherwise blended monotonously into the parched badlands of rock. *I Want to Hold Your Hand*, the Beatles' biggest hit single—it has sold 5,000,000 copies since 1963—was a cliché boy-girl lyric and a simple tune hammered onto the regulation *aaba* pop-song structure. But the boys found their conventional sound and juvenile verses stultifying. Says Paul McCartney: "We didn't like the idea of people going onstage and being very unreal and doing sickly songs. We felt that people would like it more, and we would like it more, if there was some—reality."

Thus it was that the group's chief lyricist, John Lennon, began tuning in on U.S. Folk Singer Bob Dylan (*The Times They Are A-Changin'*): it wasn't Dylan's sullen anger about life that Lennon found appealing so much as the striving to "tell it like it is." Gradually, the Beatles' work began to tell it too. Their 1965 song, *Nowhere Man* ("Doesn't have a point of view, knows not where he's going to") asked: "Isn't he a bit like you and me?" Last year's *Paperback Writer* cheerfully skewered the craven commercialism of the hack.

An even sharper departure from Big Beat banalities came as Tunesmith McCartney began exhibiting an unsuspected lyrical gift. In 1965, he crooned the loveliest of his ballads, *Yesterday*, to the accompaniment of a string octet—a novel and effective backing that gave birth to an entire new genre, baroque-rock. Still another form,raga-rock, had its origins after George Harrison flipped over Indian music, studied with Indian sitar virtuoso Ravi Shankar, and introduced a brief sitar motif on the 1965 recording *Norwegian Wood*. Now everybody's making with the sitar.

Copping Out, Plugging In. Meanwhile, the growing sophistication of the Beatles' outlook found expression in a series of sharply observed vignettes of English life. The most poignant was last year's *Eleanor Rigby*, who

Lives in a dream,
waits at the window,
Wearing the face that she keeps
in a jar by the door ...
Father McKenzie, writing the words
of a sermon that no one
will hear ...
Darning his socks in the night
when there's nobody there ...
All the lonely people,
where do they all belong?

Fantasy took flight in their songs, from *Yellow Submarine*'s childlike picture of a carefree existence beneath the waves to the vastly more complex and ominous vision in *Strawberry Fields Forever* of a retreat from uncertainty into a psychedelic cop-out:

It's getting hard to be someone ...
It doesn't matter much to me,
Let me take you down, 'cause
I'm going to strawberry fields.
Nothing is real, and nothing
to get hung about ...

Moreover, *Strawberry Fields*, with its four separate meters, freewheeling modulations and titillating tonal trappings, showed that the Beatles had flowered as musicians. They learned to bend and stretch the pop-song mold, enriched their harmonic palette with modal colors, mixed in cross-rhythms, and pinched the classical devices of composers from Bach to Stockhausen. They supplemented their guitar sound with strings, baroque trumpets, even a caliope. With the help of their engineer, arranger and record producer, George Martin, they plugged into a galaxy of space-age electronic effects, achieved partly through a mixture of tapes run backward and at various speeds.

Psychic Shivers. All the successes of the past two years were a foreshadowing of *Sgt. Pepper*, which more than anything else dramatizes, note for note, word for word, the brilliance of the new Beatles. In three months, it has sold a staggering 2,500,000 copies—each a guaranteed package of psychic shivers. Loosely strung together on a scheme that plays the younger and older generations off against each other, it sizzles with musical montage, tricky electronics and sleight-of-hand lyrics that range between 1920s ricky-tick and 1960s raga. *A Day in the Life*, for example, is by all odds the most disturbingly beautiful song the group has ever produced. The narrator's mechanical progress through the day ("Dragged a comb across my head, found my way downstairs") is tensely counterpointed with lapses into reverie and with chilling tableaux of frustration and despair:

*I read the news today, oh boy,
About a lucky man who made the grade . . .
He blew his mind out in a car,
He didn't notice that the lights had changed,
A crowd of people stood and stared,
They'd seen his face before;
Nobody was really sure if he was
from the House of Lords . . .*

At the end, the refrain, "I'd love to turn you on," leads to a hair-raising chromatic crescendo by a full orchestra and a final blurred chord that is sustained for 40 seconds, like a trance of escape, or perhaps resignation.

It's a long way from "I want to hold your hand" to "I'd love to turn you on." In between, the Beatles kept their cool, even when they were decorated by the Queen. They managed to retain the antic charm that had helped make them the rage of Britain and that sparked on millions of TV screens in February 1964, when America got its first glimpse of them live on the *Ed Sullivan Show*. Only once did they show a serious lapse in taste: the cover of their 1966 album *Yesterday and Today* was a photograph of the four wearing butchers' smocks and laden with chunks of raw meat and the bodies of decapitated dolls. Reaction in the U.S. was so violent that Capitol Records pulled it off the market, explaining that it was a misguided attempt at "pop-art satire."

Pilgrimage to Liverpool. Now that the Beatles' music is growing more complex and challenging, they are losing some younger fans. Teeny-boppers, most of whom would rather shriek up than freak out, are turning off at *A Day in the Life*, doubling back through *Strawberry Fields* and returning to predictably cute 1964-model Beatles—in the form of such blatantly aping groups as the Monkees.

On the other hand, the youngsters who were the original Beatlemaniacs are themselves older now, and dig the Beatles on a less hysterical level. Two years ago, Kathy Dreyfuss of Los Angeles went on a pilgrimage to the Beatles' home town of Liverpool with her mother. "I was such a screaming fan I couldn't eat or sleep," says Kathy, looking back from the very earnest vantage

these guys do." Napier, who has dwelt in past sermons on *Yellow Submarine* and *Eleanor Rigby*, is convinced that *Sgt. Pepper* "lays bare the stark loneliness and terror of these lonely times," and he plans to focus on the album in an address to freshman students. Atlanta Psychiatrist Tom Leland says that the Beatles "are speaking in an existential way about the meaninglessness of actuality." There is even a womb's-eye view. Chicago Psychiatrist Ner Litterer believes that the Beatles' "strong beat seems to awaken echoes of significant early experiences such as the fetal intra-uterine serenity that repetitively reverberates to the mother's heartbeat."

Other over-interpreters include the listeners who—like literary critics dissecting a sonnet—ferret out indirect references in Beatle lyrics and persist in



THE BEATLES (BACKGROUND) RECORDING "SGT. PEPPER"
Sowing apple seeds in the rocky badlands.

point of 16. "I realize now I was submerging all my problems in the Beatles. I still like them, but it isn't such a madness. Now their songs are about the things I think about—the world, love, drugs, the way things are."

In exchange for the teeny-boppers, the new Beatles have captivated a different and much more responsive audience. "Suddenly," says George Harrison, "we find that all the people who thought they were beyond the Beatles are fans." That includes not only college students but parents, professors, even business executives.

Hardy Minority. Considering that the Beatles' trademark is offbeat irreverence, their effect on mature audiences is oddly amusing. If the teeny-boppers made the Beatles plaster gods, many adults make them pop prophets, and tend to theorize solemnly, instead of seriously, about their significance. The Rev. B. Davie Napier, dean of the chapel at Stanford University, says that "no entity hits as many sensitive people as

catching a whiff of drugs in such innocuous songs as *Yellow Submarine*. And there is still the hardy minority that insists on viewing the Beatles as the great put-on of the century.

Derivative Mewing. Not so long ago, the pop scene was going nowhere. Rock 'n' roll had catapulted into the bestseller charts in the 1950s on the chugging riffs of Bill Haley and His Comets (*Rock Around the Clock*) and the rhythmic caterwauling of Elvis Presley. But even they were bleached-out copies of the vibrant, earthy rhythm-and-blues sung in the subculture of Negro music. Until the early 1960s, rock 'n' roll went through a doldrum of derivative mewing by white singers, with only occasional breakthroughs by such Negroes as Ray Charles and Fats Domino.

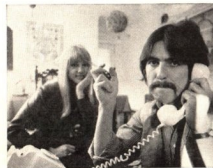
The Beatles, along with other British groups—the Rolling Stones, the Animals—revitalized rock by closely imitating (and frankly crediting) such Negro originators of the style as Muddy Waters, Chuck Berry and Bo Didd-



MAUREEN & RINGO WITH ZAK



PAUL & JANE ASHER



PATTI & GEORGE



JOHN & CYNTHIA
Sparks from a four-way plug-in.

ley. Soon the Negro "soul sound" surged into the white mass market. The old-line blues merchants have enjoyed a revival, and a younger, slicker breed of rhythm-and-blues singers—notably Lou Rawls, Aretha Franklin, Diana Ross and the Supremes—have taken up commanding positions on the sales charts. "Until the Beatles exposed the origins, the white kids didn't know anything about the music," says Veteran Blues Shouter Waters, 52. "Now they've learned it was in their backyard all the time."

As the Beatles moved on, absorbing and extending Bob Dylan's folk-rock hybrid and sowing innovations of their own, they were like musical Johnny Appleseeds; wherever they went, they left flourishing fields for other groups to cultivate. "They were saying, 'If you want to get better, here's the route,'" says Art Garfunkel, 25, half of the folk-rock duo, Simon and Garfunkel. Nowadays, according to independent Record Producer Charlie Greene, 28, "no matter how hard anybody tries, no matter how good they are, almost everything they do is a cop on the Beatles." Yet the Beatles' example is not limiting but liberating, as other rock musicians have attested with generous praise. Says hefty Cass Elliott of The Mama's and The Papa's: "They're untouchable."

Today, the rock scene has shifted from England back to the U.S., and particularly to the West Coast (some San Franciscans are calling their city the Liverpool of the U.S.). There, as elsewhere in the States, rock is currently in the midst of a huge syncretic surge toward a new idiom—and the Beatles' wildly eclectic spirit hovers over it all. As the Lovin' Spoonful's songwriter, John Sebastian, says: "Here we are in the middle of the mulch."

Blues, folk, country and western, ragas, psychedelic light and sound effects, swatches of Mahler, jazzlike improvisations—all are spaded into the mulch by such vital and imaginative groups as the Doors, the Grateful Dead, the Jefferson Airplane, the Paul Butterfield Blues Band, the Byrds and the new British trio, the Cream. Like the Beatles, most of these groups write their own music and thereby try not only to arrive at their own peculiar mixture of elements, but also to stamp their identity on whatever they do.

Hippie Anthem. None has so far matched the distinctiveness and power of the Beatles' mixture—which, after all, is responsible for having boosted them into their supramusical status. Thus their flirtation with drugs and the dropout attitude behind songs like *A Day in the Life* disturbs many fans, not to mention worried parents. The whole *Sgt. Pepper* album is "drenched in drugs," as the editor of a London music magazine puts it. One track features Drummer Ringo Starr quavering, "I get high with a little help from my friends." Another number, *Lucy in the Sky with Diamonds*, evokes a drug-in-

duced hallucination, and even the initials of the title spell out LSD, though the Beatles plead sheer coincidence.

The overall theme of drugs is no coincidence, however. All four Beatles have admitted taking LSD at least occasionally. Yet it is not clear whether their songs are meant to proselytize in behalf of drugs or simply to deal with them as a subject of the moment. In the most recent Beate pronouncement about LSD Paul McCartney said: "I don't recommend it. It can open a few doors, but it's not any answer. You get the answers yourself."

Some segments of the Beatles' audience read messages into the songs that may never have been intended. The hippie brigade, for example, has adopted as an anthem of sorts *She's Leaving Home*, which tells of a runaway girl whose parents gave her everything money could buy but no happiness. "Man, that's the story of the hippies," says one of them. A 15-year-old boy who left home to become a hippie interprets the Beatles' songs as a put-down of his parents: "They're saying all the things I always wanted to say to my parents and their freaky friends."

Blowing Away Cobwebs. Even the Beatles' nonmusical utterances tend to take on the tone and weight of social prophecy. "Only Hitler ever duplicated their power over crowds," says Sid Bernstein, who organized their three New York concerts. "I'm convinced they could sway a presidential election if they wanted to." If that is far-fetched, the fact remains that when the Beatles talk—about drugs, the war in Viet Nam, religion—millions listen, and this is a new situation in the pop music world.

It is not altogether a bad situation, either. And it could be worse. At least the fact that nobody ever bothered to ask Elvis Presley about anything indicates a certain level of discrimination. In any case, callow as their ideas sometimes are, the Beatles exemplify a refreshing distrust of authority, disdain for conventions and impatience with hypocrisy. "I think they're on to something," says their friend Richard Lester, 35, who directed their two films. "They are more inclined to blow away the cobwebs than my contemporaries."

Kids sense a quality of defiant honesty in the Beatles and admire their freedom and open-mindedness; they see them as peers who are in a position to try anything, and who can be relied on to tell it to them straight—and to tell them what they want to hear. As for the parents who are targets of the Beatles' satirical gibes, they seem to be able to take a large number of direct hits and still come up smiling. Says Chicago Public Relations Man Walter Robinson, 39, father of three boys: "The Beatles are explorers, trusty advance scouts. I like them to report to my kids."

Within the Maze. Characteristically, the Beatles are uncomfortable on their pedestals and soapboxes. They have al-

Do I really have to do
this sort of thing to earn
my Canadian Club?

Yes.



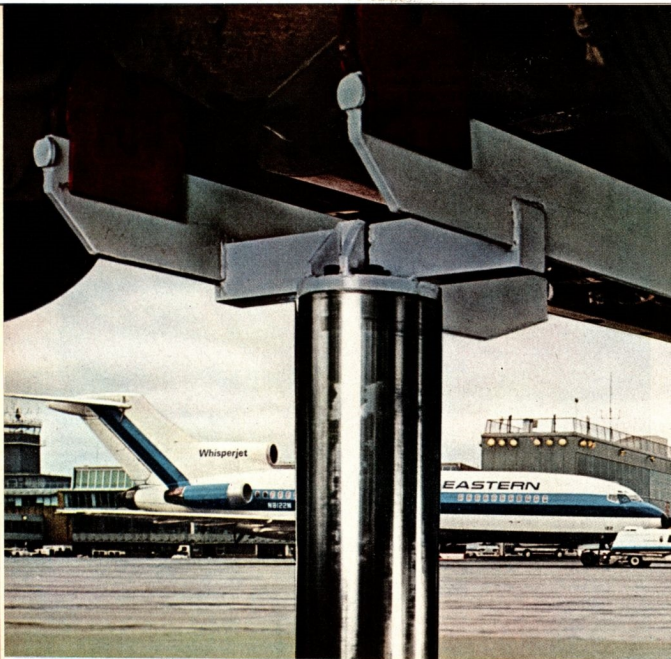
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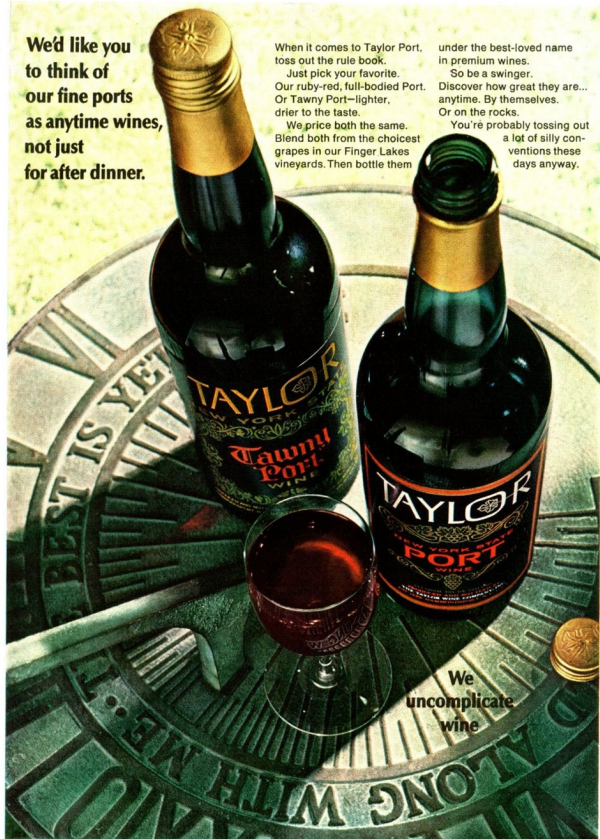
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ways insisted, as Paul McCartney says, that "the fan at my gate knows really that she's equal to me, and I take care to tell her that." John Lennon's remark that "we're more popular than Jesus," which set off an anti-Beatle furor last year, was not a boast but an expression of disgust. Though he phrased it ineptly, he was posing the question: What kind of world is it that makes more fuss over a pop cult than over religion?

To discourage fuss, the Beatles lead their private lives within a maze of high hedges and walls, security guards and secret telephone numbers. Even John Lennon's art-nouveau Rolls-Royce, painted with a rainbow of swirling floral patterns on a bright yellow background, has smoked one-way glass in the side and rear windows to keep the curious from peeking in. The boys make occasional outings to such London nightspots as The Bag of Nails and The Speakeasy, but must plan them with a military eye for the element of surprise and a ready path of retreat in case they are mobbed. Only in the past few months has it become possible for them to walk through the city like ordinary mortals. Ringo Starr explains the fine points of the art: "If you're not dodging and running, you don't get people excited. If you take it cool and just trot about, they leave you."

Otherwise the Beatles live in a style that is quietly luxurious—as well it might be, considering their income from records, films, television appearances, song publishing and copyright royalties, and assorted tie-ins with Beatle merchandise. The most conservative estimates put the net worth of Harrison and Starr at \$3,000,000 each, and of Lennon and McCartney at \$4,000,000 (because of their extra earnings as songwriters). The figures could easily be twice as high.

Stockbroker Belt. The three married Beatles and their look-alike wives own large homes in Weybridge, part of the suburban "stockbroker belt," 40 minutes from London. John, 26, his wife

Cynthia, a former art student, and their four-year-old son Julian, live in a Tudor mansion with a swimming pool. Like the other Beatles, John has a taste for outlandishly gaudy outfits custom-tailored in brocades, silks and the like, for gadgets (five TV sets, uncounted tape recorders and cameras), and eccentric collections (a huge altar cross, a suit of armor called Sidney).

Down the hill from John is Sunny Heights, the 15-room tile-and-stucco digs where Ringo, 27, wallows in domesticity with Wife Maureen, a former Liverpool hairdresser, and Sons Zak, 2, and month-old Jason. Ringo, who never practices drums between Beatle performances, has made his place the group's unofficial clubhouse; on the spacious grounds are a treehouse and an old air-raid shelter, and indoors an elaborate bar named The Flying Cow.

George, 24, the newest Beatle husband (the married London Model Patti Boyd early last year), lives near by in a big white bungalow. He and his friends are daubing the outside walls with colorful cartoons, flowers and abstract designs, some in fluorescent paint that shines in the daylight. Unlike Ringo, he practices a great deal, and his music room is strewn with 12 guitars.

Bachelor Paul, 25 (his favorite "bird" is 21-year-old Actress Jane Asher), is a movie addict, loves "the look of London," tools around town in a spiffy blue Aston Martin DB 5. He lives in a high-walled house in the city's prosperous St. John's Wood neighborhood—oddly furnished, for a Beatle, in a tastefully quaint style, including an old-fashioned lace tablecloth on the dining-room table—and has daily bouts of "bashing" at the piano, which he has never quite learned to play.

Victorian Shadows. The Beatles keep in touch constantly, bounding in and out of each other's homes like members of a single large family—which, in a sense, they are. Their friendship is an extraordinarily intimate and empathetic bond. When all four are togeth-

er, even close friends like Mick Jagger of the Rolling Stones sense invisible barriers thrown up between themselves and outsiders. "We're still our own best friends," each says.

With good reason. Not only are they welded together by the sheer fact of being the Beatles, but they also share a common lower-middle-class background in the sooty, Victorian shadows of Liverpool. Paul, the son of a cotton salesman, and John, who was raised by an aunt after his father deserted the family, were playing together as early as 1955. George, whose father was a bus driver, joined them in 1958. Two years later they met Ringo (born Richard Starkey), a docker's son. Their families were dubious about musical careers. "If Paul had listened to me," says Jim McCartney wryly, "he would have been a teacher." But the boys persisted. Besides the musical satisfaction, playing in a band was a way to be somebody—especially with the local girls—to make some money and exert their non-conformity. And after they linked up with Brian Epstein, the elegant would-be actor and son of a wealthy Liverpool furniture retailer, it was a way to get out of Liverpool. Epstein shrewdly piloted their career until his death last month at 32 (TIME, Sept. 8).

So tightly knit is the quartet that a leading idea for their next movie is to present them as separate manifestations of a single person. They constitute a four-way plug-in personality, each sparking the circuit in his own way. Paul, outgoing and talkative, spreads a sheen of charm; he is the smoother-over, the explainer, as pleasingly facile at life as he is at composing melodies. George, once the least visible of the group, now focuses his energies on Indian music and philosophy; an occasional contributor to the Beatle songbook, he is the most accomplished instrumen-

* A coroner's report attributed his death to an accidental "incautious" overdose of sleeping tablets.



JOHN'S TUDOR MANSION



GEORGE'S HAND-PAINTED BUNGALOW

With a Flying Cow, an altar cross and a suit named Sidney.

talist of the lot (he has always played lead guitar).

Ringo, a thoroughly unpretentious fellow, is also the most innately comic temperament; he is the catalyst, and also the deflator, of the crew. Most mysterious of all—and possibly most important—is John, the creative main-spring, who has lately grown strangely brooding and withdrawn; he is more thoughtful and tough-minded than the others, reads voraciously. His telephone is usually answered by a tape-recorded voice, asking the caller to leave a message. But Lennon rarely returns calls, instead, so the story goes, plays the tapes over and over with maniacal glee.

Recipe for Orchestra. Since the Beatles gave up touring a year ago, each has had more freedom to tackle individual pursuits. John has a major acting assignment in the forthcoming Richard Lester film called *How I Won the War*; Paul tried his hand at a movie sound track and wrote a fine score for the current release, *The Family Way*. But their most rewarding activity is still as a group—making records.

They have transformed themselves from a "live" performing team to an experimental laboratory group, and they have staked out the recording studio as their own electronic rumpus room. To achieve the weird effects on *Sgt. Pepper*, they spent as much as 20 hours on a song, often working through the night. The startling crescendo in *A Day in the Life* illustrates their bold, erratic, but strikingly successful method. Says Paul: "Once we'd written the main bit of the music, we thought, now look, there's a little gap there; and we said oh, how about an orchestra? Yes, that'll be nice. And if we do have an orchestra, are we going to write them a pseudo-classical thing, which has been done better by people who know how to make it sound like that—or are we going to do it like we write songs? Take a guess and use instinct. So we said, right, what we'll do to save all the arranging, we'll take the whole orchestra as one instrument. And we just wrote it down like a cooking recipe: 24 bars; on the ninth bar, the orchestra will take off, and it will go from its lowest note to its highest note."

The 41-piece orchestra, as it turned out, consisted mostly of members of the New Philharmonia, who had trouble following the recipe. Unaccustomed to ad-libbing, they had to be cajoled by John and Paul, who threaded among the musicians, urging them to play at different tempos and to please try not to stay together. Partly as a result of filling that "gap," the *Sgt. Pepper* album cost three months of work and \$56,000—which is about as much as it costs to record five albums for London's New Philharmonia Orchestra.

Sound Pictures. Such recording practices are early steps in a brand-new field. George Martin, the producer whose technical midwifery is helping to make the steps possible, likens them to the shift from representational paint-

ing to abstractionism. "Until recently," he says, "the aim has been to reproduce sounds as realistically as possible. Now we are working with pure sound. We are building sound pictures."

In fact, some observers predict that "sound pictures" may prove to be the medium through which the Beatles—and the more adventurous rock groups in their wake—can merge with "classical" contemporary music. Already, says Robert Tusler, who teaches 20th century music at U.C.L.A., "the Beatles have taken over many of the electronic concepts in music that have been worked on by the German composers of the Cologne group. They've made an enormous contribution to electronic music."

Whatever else it comes to, the Beatles' approach to recording *Sgt. Pepper*



MAHARISHI MAHESH YOGI
Hello to all That.

will serve as a model for future sessions. And the boys themselves will be commanding more and more of the technical operations. "We haven't pushed George Martin out of the engineers' booth," says McCartney, "but we've become equals. The music has more to do with electronics now than ever before. To do those things a few years ago was a bit immoral. But electronics is no longer immoral."

In their other enterprises too, the Beatles are reaching out for total artistic autonomy. They are talking about directing their next film themselves. Last week they careened through the southwest English countryside filming *Magical Mystery Tour*, an hour-long TV special, for worldwide broadcast during the Christmas season. They are not only providing music but writing, directing, producing and financing as well. When it is wrapped up to their satisfaction, they will offer it to the highest bidder. And they have already written songs—

later this year they may do a full score—for a forthcoming feature-length animated cartoon based on *Yellow Submarine*.

Filling the Gap. Unlike the occasional celebrity who grows to believe his own publicity and uses it as a license, the Beatles have maintained their good humor and, apart from toying with drugs, their exemplary behavior. But fame and instant millions also have a way of inflicting private agonies on public personalities. The Beatles' current solution is spiritualism, specifically "transcendental meditation," as propounded by Maharishi Mahesh Yogi, 56, a tiny, cherubic seer with shoulder-length locks. The yogi, unfortunately, is somewhat less than lucid when it comes to describing his insights. Two 30-minute sessions of transcendental meditation a day, he says, enable a person to perceive the divinity within himself. "It is the direct, simple and natural way of coming to That." What's That? Replies Maharishi: "I am That, you are That, all this is That."

That's good enough for John, Paul, Ringo and George, who plan to take two months off to study with Maharishi at his Academy of Meditation in Shankaracharya, Kashmir.

"The four of us," explains Ringo, "have had the most hectic lives. We have got almost anything money can buy. But when you can do that, the things you buy mean nothing after a time. You look for something else, for a new experience. It's like your Dad going to the booze and you want to find out what the taste of drink is like. We have found something now which fills the gap. Since meeting His Holiness, I feel great."

The feeling is mutual. Says His Holiness: "I can bring them up as very practical philosophers of their age. They can do a great deal for the youth which they lead." Precisely what marvels the yogi has in store for his disciples is a good question. Yet for openers he has persuaded the Beatles to renounce drugs.

Paul claims that he now realizes that taking drugs was "like taking an aspirin without having a headache." Says John: "If we'd met Maharishi before we had taken LSD, we wouldn't have needed to take it." Skeptics notwithstanding, the Beatles could well be on to something fruitful again, which may find expression in who knows what strange new musical forms.

And what, after all, could be a more fitting philosophy than transcendentalism for the Beatles, who have repeatedly transcended the constricting identities foisted on them by press and public, whose whole career has been a transcendence, heel-clicking leap right over pop music's high Himalayas? On the basis of what they have achieved so far, it would be rash to dispute George when he says: "We haven't really started yet. We've only just discovered what we can do as musicians, what thresholds we can cross. The future stretches out beyond our imagination."

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SPORT

YACHTING

Intrepid Indeed

The third America's Cup race was over, and Jock Sturrock, helmsman of Australia's *Dame Pattie*, sat in Newport's Thames Street Armory answering reporters' questions. What, specifically, was the challenger's main problem? Sighed Sturrock: "The hull." Why hadn't Jock tried to backwind the U.S.'s *Intrepid* at the start? "On the performance of the two boats, I don't think it would have made very much difference." What was his overall impression of *Pattie*? "Theoretically, she was designed for winds of twelve to 14 knots, but I would say five to ten knots was more like it."

Thus the Aussie skipper could only say that if there had been practically no wind at all at Newport, R.I., last week, *Dame Pattie* might have been competition for Bus Moshbacher and the U.S. defender, *Intrepid*. As it was, the winds ranged from seven to 22 knots, and *Pattie* lost three straight races by wide margins. On not one single point of sailing did the Australian 12-meter yacht prove superior.

She never led at any mark in any race, and the most embarrassing moment of all for the Aussies occurred in the third race when, midway through the opening, windward leg, a 12-ft. Beetle Cat boat piloted by two youths capsized directly in the path of the onrushing *Intrepid*. Moshbacher had to veer off sharply; in the process, *Intrepid* caught a blast of air from a Coast Guard rescue helicopter that wrapped

her mainsail around the backstay, cost her more than 30 sec. of racing time. She still beat *Dame Pattie* to the first mark by 1 min. 21 sec.

Fair Show, Heavy Odds. Bus Moshbacher once again demonstrated why he is regarded as the best match-racing skipper in the world. Confident and relaxed, he permitted *Pattie* to cross the starting line first in all three races—meanwhile steering *Intrepid* to windward, where the breeze was fresher and the going faster. His well-drilled crewmen twice outgamed the Australians in short-tacking duels, and their sail handling was consistently superior.

By week's end it seemed obvious that the U.S. had the better skipper, the better crew—and the better boat. *Intrepid* knifed cleanly through the 3-ft. to 10-ft. swells while *Pattie* was hobbyhorsing badly. *Intrepid's* Dacron and nylon sails also were clearly superior to *Pattie's*, which were cut from an Australian fabric called Kadron. The Aussies, who had spent upwards of \$750,000 to mount their challenge, were frankly glum. "We just want to get this over with and go home," said Aussie Crewman Billy Burns.

Indeed, the odds against any foreign boat ever beating a U.S. America's Cup defender looked so heavy that there was some talk of retiring the 116-year-old Cup, or changing the competition—perhaps to one-design racing, which would test the talents of crews and skippers more than the genius of architects. "That would be ridiculous," insisted *Intrepid* Architect Olin Stephens. "This business of a country designing

and building its own boat has captured the world's imagination."

And that it has. At Newport last week, there were no fewer than three potential challengers waiting at the dock: another Aussie syndicate, a British group, and a French outfit led by Baron Marcel Bich, a millionaire ball-point-pen manufacturer. Bich already owns one 12-meter yacht, has shares in two others, including *Intrepid's* trial horse, *Constellation*, has a fourth on the drawing boards, and is reportedly dickering to buy *Intrepid* herself. If the baron was discouraged by the odds, he certainly did not show it. "We are ready to issue a challenge for 1970," he said, "as soon as these races are over."

GOLF

On to Seven Figures

If a numerologist were to pick a lucky number for Jack Nicklaus, it would have to be a nice round figure. Like 100,000. Big Jack is the only golfer in history to win an average of more than \$100,000 a year throughout his pro career. And last week he became the only golfer ever to win \$100,000 in the space of twelve days.

The first \$50,000 was Jack's reward for winning the Westchester Golf Classic in Harrison, N.Y.; the second \$50,000 was top prize at last week's 36-hole World Series of Golf in Akron, Ohio. Because the P.G.A. does not recognize the World Series as a legitimate tournament, the \$50,000 winner's check did not count toward Nicklaus' official 1967 earnings, which last week stood at \$156,748. But together with his other money—from exhibitions, endorsements, TV and radio shows, royalties on golf clubs and clothes, stocks (Polaroid, Zenith, IBM), real estate and Louisiana oil—it pushed his total annual income toward another nice round figure: \$1,000,000.

TENNIS

Some Steel

Sport may be mostly a matter of muscle, but a little science sometimes goes a long way. A 17-ft. pole vault is common enough today, but was utterly inconceivable before the invention of the fiber-glass jumping pole. The latest sport to feel the impact of technology is tennis, in which almost any change is a change for the better.

Most of the contestants in last week's U.S. National Championships were equipped with standard rackets made of laminated wood. But a trio of U.S. players came armed with new "T2000" steel rackets, designed by France's René ("The Crocodile") Lacoste, and marketed in the U.S. by the Wilson Sporting Goods Co. Gene Scott, 29, a Manhattan lawyer who never before

* Perfectly legal under tennis rules, which specify the size, weight and bounceability of the ball, but say nothing about the racket.

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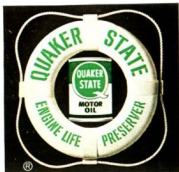
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had gotten past the quarter-finals of any major tournament, astounded the experts by reaching the semifinals before losing to Australia's top-seeded John Newcombe. Clark Graebner, a 23-year-old Ohioan who only two months ago was eliminated in the very first round of the national clay-court championships, got all the way to the finals, where he gave Newcombe a tussle before succumbing.

Then there was Billie Jean King. Last July, Billie Jean won the Wimbledon women's singles title; last week she added the U.S. crown to her collection, winning every set in six matches.

No Elbows. The new racket that Scott, Graebner and King used at Forest Hills looks for all the world like an oversized tea strainer. Made of tubular, chromium-plated steel, it is far more flexible than a wooden racket; its open-throat construction permits a faster



GRAEBNER WITH STEEL RACKET
Tussle with a tea strainer.

swing with less effort. "It feels like a feather," says Billie Jean. Scott says the T2000 gives him a faster serve and better control on volleys. To Graebner, the T2000 has therapeutic value. Plagued for months by a painful case of "tennis elbow," he switched from wood to steel in July and the pain disappeared. The steel racket seems to absorb most of the ball's impact instead of transmitting the shock through the handle to a player's arm.

Not everybody who has tried the T2000 swears by it. "You have to learn to adjust your swing," admits Scott. "With a wooden racket, you may take a 14-yard backswing to hit the ball to a specific point on the court. With steel, you may have to cut that backswing in half to hit that same point." For ordinary players, the T2000 might be a trifle expensive, costing up to \$55 (strung with top-grade gut) compared with \$35 for a good wooden racket. Even so, Wilson already has sold several thousand T2000s, says its sales director, "and our branches are besieging the factory for more."

Does "instant credit" make saving obsolete?

by Rex G. Baker, Jr.

President, National League of Insured Savings Associations

Encouraged by merchants and some financial institutions, many people seem to believe it is no longer necessary to be thrifty. They laugh, shrug and say: "With credit for everything you want, who needs to save up for it?"

This is a very dangerous idea.

It is too easy to whip out a credit card, sign your name and walk away. It is so easy that at the end of each month more and more people find themselves "card rich" but "dollar poor." They are victims of a growing myth that money and savings are going out of style. Those who believe in this myth have a carefree, mañana feeling that they can spend money they do not have. Some even spend money they will never have.

Not that credit is bad.

Our economy requires maturely considered credit transactions to keep factories, farms, families, even the government going. But the misuse of credit by individuals has become a national danger. People in all income levels are experiencing the hopeless feeling that they are prisoners of their own finances.

Not that credit cards are bad either.

They offer advantages that are symptoms of an important change in our lives and the economy.

We are affluent. When we see what we want, we refuse to let a lack of cash-in-the-pocket keep us from having it that instant.

We are on the move from city to city and we refuse to be loaded with a roll of bills or the bothersome details of proving who we are and that the check we sign is "good."

We are going at a high speed and insist upon the convenience of quick transactions, which are made possible by numbered accounts, a consolidated risk accepted by the card issuer, computerized billing and "your signature only."

The trap is over-extension.

This traditionally is a trap in finance. The danger is in a mental attitude that conjures magic into these cards that materialize credit, and comforts the "bearer" with an illusion that there will never be a time of reckoning. It is this mental state that worries us.



Because of our position in the financial community, the savings and loan business has an intense interest in the attitudes of individuals and families toward money and thrift.

The savings and loan business is vitally interested in the solvency of the public.

Realistic attitudes and solvency relate directly to the health of our national economy.

In the public interest we oppose the over-abundance of credit cards.

We oppose the false feeling that credit cards may create. We believe that thoughtful people should take a stand against over-encouragement of so-called "instant credit." We must sweep away the impression of magic and call "instant credit" by its other, equally accurate name, "instant debt." This is an appropriate time to repeat the principle: *Save now to feel secure, to meet your obligations and to enjoy the future.*

To people who have money-sense it is obvious that "instant credit" does not make saving obsolete!

Savings and Loan Associations

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THE THEATER

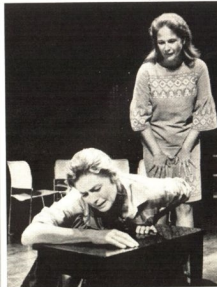
O'Neill's Last Long Remnant

More *Stately Mansions*. Watching a Eugene O'Neill play fail is sometimes as awesome as seeing the *Titanic* sink. *More Stately Mansions*, however, is more like a becalmed *Flying Dutchman* on which trapped passengers spend three hours torturing one another and ranting about their fate. On the spacious stage of Los Angeles' elegant Ahmanson Theater, site of the play's U.S. premiere last week, *Mansions* stays with in hailing distance of the playgoer's interest, but it never gets heartbeat close.

The play would have been the fourth in O'Neill's aborted nine-play cycle, *A Tale of Possessors Self-Dispossessed*, an epic intended to span two centuries of U.S. life in one family's history. *Mansions* begins where *A Touch of the Poet* leaves off, in the Massachusetts of the 1830s. The hero of the earlier play, a swaggering, staggering Irish tavern keeper named Con Melody, has just died, having spent most of his life in brash discord with the Yankee landowning gentry. But before he dies, Con has a vision of personal revenge and future glory for his daughter Sara: "She'll live in a Yankee mansion, as big as a castle, on a grand estate of stately woodland."

In *More Stately Mansions*, the dream comes true, but it turns out to be more like a nightmare. A suffocating drama of deadly possessiveness is played out among a mother (Ingrid Bergman), a wife (Colleen Dewhurst) and a son-husband (Arthur Hill). This is a Laocoön trio, coiled in a strangling embrace in which no one can leave the others, or leave them alone. The face of love is blistered with hate, and ecstasy mirrors

BILL RAY/LIFE



BERGMAN & DEWHURST IN "MANSIONS"
More Dutchman than Titanic.

HENRY GROSSMAN



DIRECTOR QUINTERO
In his fashion.

anguish. The language of the heart is used to mask the power politics of the emotions, and love becomes war. The terms: unconditional surrender of the others' selves.

In this war of the sexes, Deborah Harford, the mother, is a neurotic day-dreamer who cannot yield her son Simon to another woman. A fretful, aging charmer, her hidden impulse is as sin-deep as incest. Using spider-and-fly tactics, Deborah invites Simon to take over the tangled web of his dead father's business and installs Daughter-in-Law Sara as mistress of the Harford mansion. Simon, an erstwhile poet turned gimlet-eyed merchant, agrees—if he can absorb the entire firm and expunge his father's name. Deeper shades of Oedipus. In the end, mother goes mad; Simon and Sara's doom seems to await another play. The collegiate aphorist in O'Neill has sententiously announced: "Success is its own failure."

The central failure of the play is a credibility gap between the audience and the characters. One believes in neither their shenanigans nor their sufferings. The actors do not close the gap. Ingrid Bergman is beguilingly lovely at 52, but she poses, more often than she performs, for a camera that is not there. Colleen Dewhurst puts consistent bristle, greed and spunk into Sara, but cajolery does not seem to be her brand of brogue. Since quite a bit of O'Neill's dialogue is melodramatic, maudlin or mushy, Arthur Hill does little more than tread gingerly on his lines, as if they were booby-trapped.

Faced with O'Neill's rhetorical soliloquies and the awkward device of having characters utter their unspoken thoughts, Director José Quintero apparently folded his hands in slothful reverence. When it came to cutting the script by three hours, however, he became indiscriminately agile, severing vital tendons of continuity, meaning, mood and theme. O'Neill had specified that the play be destroyed if he could not revise it, and after a fashion, Quintero has obliged. What remains is a remnant of O'Neill's melancholy conviction that hell hath no fury quite like a human family.

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SCHÖNFELD'S "MARTYRDOM OF TWO SAINTS"
So long in oblivion.

PAINTING

Byron of the Baroque

The overwhelming impression conveyed by the great baroque masters of the 17th century, from Caravaggio to Rubens, is their delight in optical illusions, soaring space, voluptuous forms and twisting asymmetrical line. Johann Heinrich Schönfeld, a long-forgotten 17th century artist who achieved his first one-man show in 300 years in West Germany this fall, shared his century's delight in asymmetry and illusion, but drew the line when it came to voluptuousness. In the 89 canvases and 107 graphics assembled at Ulm's prestigious city museum, Schönfeld displays himself as a moody, broody, in fact positively Byronic master of the baroque.

Little is known about his life, though he was much admired in his time. The son of a goldsmith, Schönfeld, a Protestant, was born in 1609 in Swabia. He studied in Stuttgart, then traveled to Rome and Naples, where his style became more Italianate, and where he won commissions from the princely Orsini and the Torlonias. In 1651, after the end of the Thirty Years' War in Germany, Schönfeld returned to his homeland and settled in Augsburg, where he married and built a home. Before his death in 1682 or 1683, he traveled the length and breadth of Mitteleuropa, executing hundreds of canvases and murals for castles and monasteries in Munich, Salzburg, Vienna, Bohemia, and Hungary.

West German critics greeted the re-

discovery of Schönfeld with rejoicing, calling him "a man of major stature." They were somewhat at a loss to explain how such a great master could have been consigned to oblivion for so long. The best explanation seemed to be that Schönfeld's preoccupation with the macabre and the absurd, his penchant for scenes of gravediggers and treasure seekers, marked him as a German Romantic two centuries ahead of his time. Then, too, Schönfeld limned his scenes of violence in a cool, depersonalized vein. In the opinion of Ulm's deputy director, Dr. Wilhelm Lehmbruck, "It is this remoteness, this kind of alienation, that makes him seem attractive today."

ARCHITECTURE

A Pueblo for Highbrows

Just south of Boulder, Colo., at the junction of the Great Plains and the Rockies, stands 600-ft.-high Table Mountain, a grassy mesa populated until recently largely by deer, summer hikers and an occasional coyote. Now, through the clear, crisp air, Boulderites daily behold a new sight on Table Mountain: a taut, pure compound of rusty pink cylinders and cubes that soars skyward above them.

The new citadel is the National Center for Atmospheric Research. Built for the National Science Foundation and designed by New York's Ieoh Ming Pei, 50, it will house 400 meteorologists, atmospheric chemists, astronomers, air-pollution experts and other scientists from a group of 23 universities doing atmospheric research. Dr. Walter Orr Roberts, N.C.A.R.'s director, believes that "no field of science offers a greater potential for the good of all mankind. The sky is quite literally the limit." Accordingly he wanted a building to house his staff that would be "symbolic, but not monumental, ascetic but hospitable, something that expresses both the contemplative and exciting aspects of scientific activity."

Buffalo Grass. All these demands, but especially the demands of nature, appealed to I. M. Pei. As the designer of Manhattan's Kips Bay Plaza and Montreal's Place Ville-Marie, Pei had coped with urban environments but never with a rugged country site. The first designs that he and his associates prepared used a conventional big-city, floor-by-floor structure. All were dwarfed by the mountain. Then Pei took a trip to Colorado's Mesa Verde National Park, saw how Indian pueblo dwellers built blocklike homes that melded harmoniously with their mountainside surroundings. As a result, he switched to spectacular cylinders and gauntly chiseled towers. "These," he explains, "were the only forms strong enough to stand up against that scale."

Windows are tucked into a single shaft at the center of each five-story col-

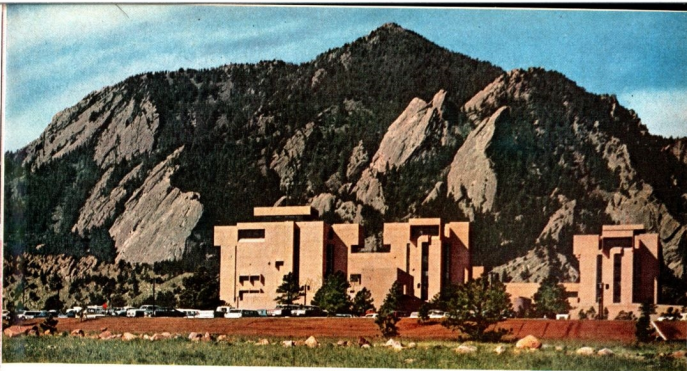
umn of offices and labs. Larger windows, opening out from large "think rooms" at the top of each tower, are hooded to protect them from the savage Colorado sun and 125-m.p.h. spring winds. The building's concrete is mixed with a red rock aggregate quarried from nearby mountains, and the building's surfaces are bushhammered to give them a rough finish. Then, to give the site back to nature, the surrounding mesa top, wherever it has been plowed up, is being resown with buffalo grass and other local herbs.

Nook Talk. Inside, the center is splendidly outfitted, from the enclosed semicircular staircase leading up from its parking lot to the cloud-physics laboratory on the roof. The main floor includes a dining terrace and an internal courtyard with a reflecting pool. On other floors are networks of offices and labs, with instruments and a computer to assemble and analyze data collected on N.C.A.R. field trips and at observation stations all over the world.

Corridors are generously studded with nooks and crannies, because, explains Pei: "When scientist meets scientist on a corner, there should be an opportunity to pause and talk." At the moment, the talk is as likely as not to be about the new building. Some scientists have been heard to gripe that there is not enough lab space, but by and large the vote is strongly affirmative. Says J. Doynne Sartor, program scientist in cloud physics: "This building has a personality." Adds Electronics Engineer Raymond Chur: "Scientists or engineers will never be completely satisfied with any building. But this one is very exciting architecture."



ROBERTS & PEI AT N.C.A.R.
Forms to stand against the scale.



BIG EYES IN THE ROCKIES

Laboratories of the new \$5,500,000 National Center for Atmospheric Research, designed by I. M. Pei, in Boulder, Colo., evoke the sharp angles of the craggy mountains that loom majestically in background. Roof platforms hold latest telescopes; sculptural towers contain "think" rooms.



An angel of mercy at 30,000 feet.



A ship of mercy at 500 fathoms.

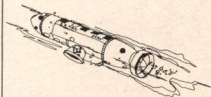
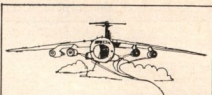
To wounded or sick servicemen in Southeast Asia, the U.S. Air Force C-141 StarLifter is an angel of mercy. Carrying cargo into combat zones, Lockheed-built StarLifters can be converted into hospital ships right in the field for the return trip to the U.S.—to save lives and ease pain. Airlift is a mission Lockheed knows particularly well. It has already built more than 1,000 huge airlifters, such as the C-130 and C-141, and is now constructing the C-5A, the largest plane of any type in the world.

Another mission of mercy, of a different nature, is planned for the U.S. Navy's Deep Submergence Rescue Vehicle, which Lockheed will launch next year. This vessel will be able to locate and attach itself to disabled submarines at depths of more than 3,000 feet, transferring crews and supplies, or rescuing 24 men on each trip to the surface. The DSRV can also be flown in the Lockheed C-141 at jet speed to any part of the world. This versatile submarine can also be used for other missions such as ocean floor mapping.

Other ocean-oriented projects include: Deep Quest, a unique submarine built by Lockheed for its research programs in the ocean depths. And a deep-water light-imaging system to give men vision where even fish are blind.

On constant duty beneath the seas is Polaris, the strategic missile carried by U.S. Navy submarines. While above the waves flies Orion, the Navy's foremost airborne hunter of enemy submarines.

Tomorrow, reaching down as well as up—into this world as well as out of it—Lockheed's name will continue to appear and reappear on the new and the needed yet to come.



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THE LAW

POLICE

Behind the Blue Curtain

There will be no respect for the law until there is a respect for the rights of others. In the meantime, the police will be at the eye of the storm: a subject of intense controversy, not because they are responsible for the conditions with which they deal but because, like the mountain, they are there.

Attorney General Ramsey Clark's words last week were directed at a group of men who knew all too well what he was talking about. The occasion was the 74th annual meeting of the International Association of Chiefs of Police, in Kansas City, Mo. With the fiery summer of 1967 still a fresh memory, the 1,200 assembled chiefs had little else but riots on their minds. Even the new product exhibits reflected it, with everything from a chemical that makes streets too slippery for running looters to armored personnel carriers bristling with gun ports, floodlights and tear-gas nozzles. At one afternoon-long meeting of the chiefs of the 21 largest cities, says San Francisco Chief Thomas Cahill, "we never mentioned burglary, robbery, organized crime or anything else but riots."

Problems & Solutions. Criticized from all sides for being either too easy or too tough on rioters, the chiefs were tired of being whipping boys, and their mood mirrored the edgy morale of line cops back home. Partly to buck up that morale, Lyndon Johnson made a surprise visit to the Kansas City convention, told his audience that "much can explain—but nothing can justify—the riots of 1967" (see THE NATION). The chiefs applauded him enthusiastically,

but it was the chance to mingle and exchange problems and solutions that gave the I.A.C.P. meeting its real value—a value that, coupled with the association's other activities, has dramatically increased its reputation in the past six years.

The I.A.C.P. was founded in 1893, but after the '20s and '30s, when it helped push police reform, it faded into little more than a great-to-see-you group. Then, six years ago, Quinn Tamm arrived. A careful FBI agent who had made his way up to the rank of assistant director, Tamm found six staffers working out of makeshift Washington offices when he took on the I.A.C.P. job. Now there are 70 on the staff, and the association has its own building. The white-haired, leathery-faced Tamm, 57, has placed particular emphasis on upgrading the training and community image of police. With the help of various public and private grants, the I.A.C.P. this year alone has run 33 two-week courses for supervisory personnel and has provided consultant services to the community relations programs of 20 departments.

"Clean & Paint." By far the major undertaking of Tamm's men, however, is the work they do analyzing individual police forces in excruciating detail. One recent 498-page study of New York's finest called for a complete overhaul of the organizational machinery; then it described just how the new one should be set up, from the elimination of the slot for the department's No. 2 man right down to a cutback of the city's much admired but outmoded mounted patrolmen. In another study, Boston's force was told to raise salaries, lower the compulsory retirement age and get civilians to do clerical work. Baltimore's cops were brusquely told that they did have an organized crime problem, no matter how loudly they insisted otherwise. The 1965 Baltimore report also outlined a whole new set of street-by-street beats and noted dryly that an effort should be made at police headquarters to "clean, paint and illuminate as many of the halls and offices as is practical."

Such criticisms are rarely ignored, if only because the cities themselves pay the cost of the studies (they can run to as much as \$100,000, take up to a year to prepare). The jolting indictment of the Baltimore force prompted the resignations of the commissioner and his chief inspector. In New York, a twelve-man board is considering the I.A.C.P. recommendations and is expected to implement many. In fact, the nation's police forces are so anxious to hear what is wrong with them that there are currently 22 that have paid in advance for studies. One of the 22 that is due next week is a report on the Dallas department. "Law enforcement used to be pretty insular," says Los Angeles Chief

Tom Reddin. "I call it the blue curtain." But now, with Quinn Tamm poking at the curtain, constructive self-criticism is bringing the police into closer touch with the public.

BONDSMEN

Fidelity from the Frat

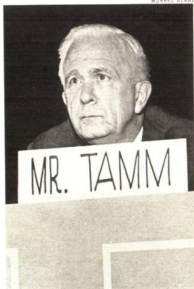
It may be prudent for employers to avoid hiring ex-convicts, but it is hard on the ex-cons. Even a one-time loser who wants to go straight can find himself wandering from employment office to employment office, gradually realizing that the only trade he is eligible to follow is crime. But now, in Washington, D.C., a group of former convicts is offering a solution: it runs an employment agency that places ex-cons only.

Known as Bonabond, the 14-month-old agency was formed primarily to aid former offenders from whom prospective employers demanded a fidelity bond as a condition of employment. Such a bond can cost a man a stiff \$400-\$500 a year—if he can get it. Operating with an \$85,000 grant from the Department of Health, Education and Welfare, Bonabond provides such bonds cheaply and is a potent force in narrowing the gulf between employers and men with prison records. Bonabond lists 355 vouchered-for employables in its files, and in the past two months has placed people in 98 jobs, ranging from porter to police-community relations aide at the Urban League.

Sing Sing Alumni. Credit for creating the organization goes to A. L. Jagoe, a Washington insurance executive and longtime volunteer in social work. He explains that the plan was blueprinted by borrowing ideas: "A little from the Boy Scouts, a little from Alcoholics Anonymous, and a little from fraternity life." Jagoe got solid advice from several ex-cons during Bonabond's drawing-board stage; once launched, the organization was turned over to them.

Currently, the director is Hiawatha Burris, 34, who served a six-month stretch for conspiracy to commit armed robbery; his assistants include alumni of such institutions as Sing Sing, Danmora State Hospital and the U.S. Public Health Service Hospital for drug addicts at Lexington, Ky. Hiring ex-cons, Burris feels, is the best way to spot losers among bond applicants. He says that "there's very little crime that one of the staff hasn't had experience in. We know we can distinguish between the person who comes in playing the truth game and the one really interested in going straight."

Once an applicant is approved for membership, he pays a \$10 annual fee. In return, Bonabond will bond him up to \$2,500, and it will also put up bail bond for him should he get in trouble. Other active programs of a more preventive nature include a youth project, with picnics and social meetings, and a kind of Addicts Anonymous, run by ex-Pusher and Addict "Sonny" Long,



THE I.A.C.P.'S TOP COP
Mood to mirror the morale.

WALTER BENNETT



BURRIS (LEFT) INTERVIEWING EX-CON
A little from the Scouts, too.

which sponsors meetings twice a week for self-help discussion.

So far, Bonabond's record is perfect, even though its clients aren't. Of 375 members, 20 have had run-ins with the law, but none for crimes against an employer. Not a single claim has been filed against any bond. In fact, the mere promise of Bonabond approval has led several Washington employers to waive bonding altogether.

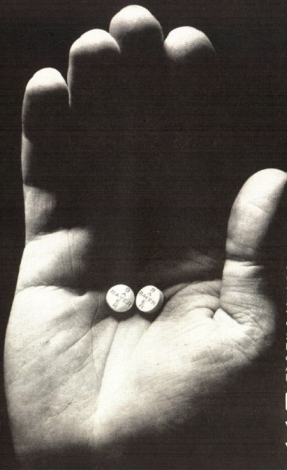
PRISONS

Living Out

Prison reform must have gone further in Sweden than anywhere else in the world. Recently, in a small, unnamed community, a 30-year-old man moved into a four-room house with his fiancée (they plan to marry soon). Dressed in civilian clothes and holding down a full-time job, he seems like anyone else; his neighbors do not know he is serving the last two years of a five-year felony prison sentence. The live-out prisoner checks in regularly—and clandestinely—with a prison official, but otherwise lives a free life.

By this week two other convicts and their wives will have moved quietly into the neighborhood; another couple is due before Christmas. Unlike parolees, the live-out prisoners have their rent subsidized by the state, the goal being to ease the transition to civilian life for convicts with good records. It is the pet project of Swedish Prisons General Director Torsten Eriksson, who so far has every reason to expect success. This summer he sent ten prisoners off for three weeks of fishing, swimming and hiking in a small mountain resort. Everyone liked that so much that there was not one attempt to escape.

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RELIGION

ROMAN CATHOLICS

Support for Ajax

In his single-minded drive to secure an open-housing ordinance for Milwaukee, Father James E. Groppi has managed to both inspire and infuriate the city's 365,000 Roman Catholics. Last week, as Groppi led still another round of protest demonstrations by Negroes from Milwaukee's Inner Core, more than 400 whites—many of them Polish-American Catholics—marched on the residence of Archbishop William Cousins bearing a coffin labeled "Father Groppi Rest in Hell." Addressing the crowd through a police bullhorn, Cousins promised to consider their complaints—and then issued an open letter to the city disavowing Groppi's methods but backing his objectives.

There was little reason for surprise that Cousins had backed the obstreperous young priest whom Negroes call "Ajax, the White Knight." Ever since Groppi launched his campaign to "turn Milwaukee upside down," Cousins, who has been Archbishop of Milwaukee since 1958, has supported his right to do so. Describing Groppi as "a little immature" but "honest, dedicated and sincere," the archbishop in 1965 insisted that priests, as citizens, have every right to engage in politics as their conscience dictates. In recent weeks, however, Cousins has admitted that he has been under strong pressure to discipline Groppi; the chancery office has been besieged with hate letters and telephone calls; some Catholics have quit the church, while others have organized a campaign to withhold contributions.

In his open letter, which was published in the archdiocesan newspaper and read by Cousins on a local televi-

sion station, the archbishop made clear that he does not agree "with everything that Father Groppi has said and done." He also pointed out that church teachings unequivocally state the duty of Christians "to uphold law and order, without which justice is impossible." The archbishop, who only last month warned that priests and nuns should avoid demonstrations "of doubtful sponsorship," argued that the social conditions responsible for Groppi's protest campaign would not disappear if the priest were removed from the scene—a stand supported by the Milwaukee archdiocese's recently organized priests' Senate. "Unfortunately," he said, "Father Groppi has become an issue himself. People are so disturbed by his actions that they lose sight of the cause for which he is fighting—that of freedom and human dignity. As Christians, we favor the same cause, but many are being sidetracked into a hate campaign directed against one man."

CHURCHES

A Call to Suffering

In one of Saigon's toughest slums, near the city's docks and up a narrow alley past teeming soup stalls, Mr. and Mrs. Neil Brenden of Minneapolis operate a center for teaching sewing and other skills to teen-age girls, a day nursery for children of working mothers, a Boy Scout troop among urchins. The Brendens, both Lutherans, arrived in Saigon last year under the auspices of Viet Nam Christian Service, a relief agency jointly sponsored by Lutheran World Relief, Church World Service, and Mennonites. The couple symbolizes the largely unsewn efforts by U.S. churches to respond—as they have done

in all wars—to the human suffering that is the unwanted but inevitable result of the Viet Nam struggle.

In all, 26 volunteer agencies, most of them U.S.- and religious-based, are contributing actively to the relief of the Vietnamese, to the tune of millions a year. Largest of the religious agencies in scope of operation is Catholic Relief Services, a charity sponsored by the U.S. Roman Catholic hierarchy, which is funded through an annual collection taken up in every American parish and supplemented by a Thanksgiving Day clothing drive. Last year CRS dispatched cash and material gifts worth \$11.5 million to South Viet Nam, where the agency supports such projects as 200 schools, 30 hospitals, 77 orphanages and ten old-folks homes. Operating independently of CRS is another Catholic organization, Caritas International, the Vatican's worldwide relief agency, which since 1965 has sent to Viet Nam more than \$3,000,000 worth of aid, from food to fishnets.

Bread & Leprosy. Principal agent for Protestant relief work is Viet Nam Christian Service. Launched in 1965, V.N.C.S. supports 73 foreign workers, ranging from doctors to home economists, will spend more than \$500,000 this year to operate some 60 projects, including the supplying of 6,500 loaves of bread every day to supplement a Saigon school-lunch program. Some Protestant groups also support their own private assistance programs. The Seventh-day Adventist Welfare Service will spend \$268,700 this year to operate, among other endeavors, a 38-bed hospital and a school of nursing. The conservative Worldwide Evangelization Crusade sponsors the Happy Haven Leprosarium in Danang.

Although undertaken in a spirit of Christian altruism, church-run relief services have not escaped criticism. Some American Catholic critics of the war were shocked to discover that CRS has for two years been helping distribute U.S. surplus food to families of South Viet Nam's 700,000-member local militia, at the request of General William Westmoreland. Defending the arrangement, CRS officials pointed out that the low-paid militiamen are often away on duty and unable to provide sufficiently for their families. Because of the well-established Roman Catholic structure in Viet Nam, CRS is able to ensure that the food reaches the villages far more effectively than could Government agencies, such as AID.

No Politics. Religious samaritans in Viet Nam are largely dependent upon U.S. military assistance to get food and medicine to those they hope to aid. Nonetheless, most of the church-sponsored volunteers seek to be studiously neutral in their attitude toward the war and its outcome. "We are social workers and Christians and, as such, do not get involved in political questions," says Neil Brenden. "We're here to do a job." Adds Father Robert L. Charlebois of Gary, Ind., Viet Nam di-



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Unsung, but always there.

rector of CRS: "We are here on the invitation of the government of Viet Nam to help needy people. We don't care how their need has arisen as long as they are truly in need."

Opening the Books

While most Protestant denominations make it a standard practice to issue yearly statements of their financial assets, the Roman Catholic Church has not—a fact that has led to endless, and largely bootless, speculation about what it really does own.* Now, the Most Rev. Robert E. Tracy of Baton Rouge has lifted the greenback curtain slightly by publishing the first detailed financial statement ever issued by a U.S. Roman Catholic diocese.

The picture was impressive. Although one of the nation's smaller sees (membership: 491,434), Baton Rouge has boosted its net assets an average of \$3.4 million a year since 1962, largely as the result of parish-based tithing programs and a successful diocesan development fund. Overall, Baton Rouge's assets total \$44.2 million, of which \$38.4 million consists of buildings and real estate. The diocesan debt is a modest \$3.4 million, which is being retired at the rate of 11% a year.

"Communications have many significant dimensions in the life of a diocese, and one of the most important is the state of diocesan finances," said Bishop Tracy, who plans to issue updated balance sheets from time to time. "It is necessary that both priests and people have a clear picture of this matter if they are to furnish substantial support to the diocese with any amount of enthusiasm."

* In a recent issue of *Playboy*, for example, Episcopal Bishop James A. Pike blithely wrote that the Jesuits owned a controlling interest in Creole Petroleum Corp., a Venezuelan subsidiary of Standard Oil of New Jersey, which owns 95% of Creole's stock.

Rockwell Report

by W. F. Rockwell, Jr.

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If we were to write a recruiting ad for a plant manager, that's how it might read. The italicized talents don't appear in any job description, but they are very real demands on the men who head up most of our 30 manufacturing plants.

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Almost all have led their communities' big charity fund drives at one time or another. At last count, our plant managers served on more than 40 hospital, institutional, and charity boards or advisory committees.

It's policy that our plant managers be active in a community's development program, too, and they've had the rewarding experience of helping "their" towns grow and prosper. There are few satisfactions that compare to seeing the educational, cultural, and recreational facilities expansion that accompanies increased employment. No wonder our plant managers really enjoy their community involvement.

Anyone who's ever made a picture frame knows what a help a miter box can be. Now, our Power Tool Division has introduced a motorized miter box for builders and contractors that can cut their mitering time in half. Its 9-inch blade zips through 2x4's, baseboards, aluminum and plastic pipe in nothing flat. And Rockwell's SAFETYMATIC push-button blade brake ends blade coasting: speeds preparation for next cut. The whole unit, including sturdy cutting table, weighs only 43 pounds: costs only \$169.50.

A lot more people know Rockwell for power tools than power transmissions, but the latter is a fast-growing area of our business, too. Our engineers are applying fluid power transmissions to drive problems varying from mixing equipment in hazardous chemical atmospheres to cooling tower fans on pipelines in the desert. The big advantages of fluid power transmissions are their safety in explosive atmospheres and the "stepless" speed control they provide in slow-speed, high-power drive applications.

This is one of a series of informal reports on Rockwell Manufacturing Company, Pittsburgh, Pa., makers of measurement and control devices, instruments, and power tools for 22 basic markets.



Rockwell
MANUFACTURING COMPANY

MEDICINE

ALCOHOL

Drawing the Line for Drivers

The number of deaths and disabling injuries due to traffic accidents keeps climbing. In 1958, automotive fatalities totaled 36,981. Last year the toll reached 52,500. Well over half the drivers may have been drinking to the legal point of intoxication before the accidents occurred. To cope with this situation, the National Safety Council in 1961 recommended a stiffening of statutory limits set to separate sober from drunk drivers. The blood alcohol level* indicating intoxication, advised the N.S.C., should be lowered from .15% to .10%. Some states have adopted the new limit, but is .10% still too high for safety?

Definitely, says Horace E. Campbell, 68, a Denver surgeon and chairman of the Colorado Medical Society's Automotive Safety Committee. Campbell, writing in the A.M.A. *Journal*, cites one study showing that 73% of the drivers held responsible for fatal or disabling car crashes had been drinking enough to raise their alcohol level to more than .20% before the accidents occurred. Earlier, the *Journal* had published a study of 83 drivers killed in single-car crashes in New York's Westchester County. Of the 83, 49% had had blood alcohol levels of .15% when they died, another 20% registered between .05% and .15%.

Setting the Limit. Campbell points out that the A.M.A. has concluded that, "A blood alcohol concentration of .05% will definitely impair the driving ability of some individuals. At a concentration of .10%, all individuals are definitely impaired." The recommended statutory limit "defies common sense," writes Campbell, by being set at a level where even a chronic alcoholic's driving ability is seriously hampered.

How much alcohol in the blood is a practical limit for someone who is driving? Campbell says .05%. In Norway, where drinking is a factor in only 5.7% of serious accidents, that has been the legal limit since 1926. How much can a person drink before his blood alcohol level reaches .05%? Campbell cites an Australian experiment in which ten prominent citizens drank two glasses of white wine, two glasses of red wine, a glass of port, and a brandy or liqueur before, after and during a four-course dinner. In eight out of the ten, the blood alcohol stayed below .05%.

* Alcohol is absorbed rapidly into the bloodstream. Its most pronounced physiological effects are on the brain. When the blood contains .05% ethyl alcohol, the result is depression of the uppermost level of the brain, compulsiveness and a loss of inhibitions; .10% can affect the lower, motor area of the brain, impairing control of the body; .20% may cause an individual to need help walking; .30% can make him fall into a stupor.

HMATOLOGY

Frozen for Transfusion

Just because a patient is losing whole blood does not necessarily mean that whole blood is what he should get in replacement. Yet, because of difficulties in collecting blood, separating it into its component fractions and then storing them, whole blood is what he gets in 97% of the millions of transfusions performed annually in the U.S. This is not only wasteful: it is no longer necessary. Whereas the red cells in whole blood previously would not keep for more than 21 days, they can now be fro-



DR. ROWE & FLASH-FROZEN BLOOD
Not everybody needs everything.

zen and stored indefinitely. So can other blood components.

One of the leaders in developing the new techniques is the New York Blood Center. The process begins the minute that the blood is donated to the center. Tubes of sample blood go to the laboratory for high-speed analysis and typing. Centrifuges separate out various blood components; the red cells, with glycerol added to prevent ice-crystal formation, are flash-frozen in liquid nitrogen at -320°F . Stored at this same temperature in thin stainless-steel flasks, they will keep for years. Says the center's Biochemist Arthur W. Rowe, who developed the technique: "We have taken a long step toward ending the tyranny of the 21 days."

Through the Sidewalk. Also spun out by centrifugation are platelets, the tiny disks involved in clotting. There is still no effective way to prolong their useful life beyond four to six hours, says the center's Dr. Fred H. Allen Jr. So, as

soon as they are extracted, the center rushes them to nearby hospitals, notably Manhattan's Memorial Sloan-Kettering Cancer Center, where there are always patients whose platelet count has been cut dangerously low by the drugs needed to treat their leukemia. Still other clotting factors, such as those needed by hemophilia victims, are precipitated out and kept frozen. For a few rare cases, white blood cells are also extracted.

The New York center's program has succeeded to the extent that now, in the city's leading hospitals, up to 70% of transfusions are in the form of fractions. The center already keeps in stock, on the average, several hundred units of whole blood, up to 1,000 of frozen red cells and up to 1,500 of clotting factors. When the center completes its frozen-storage space, for which liquid nitrogen will be delivered like fuel oil through a sidewalk hose hole, it expects to keep regularly on hand 10,000 units of various kinds.

Most important, the red-cell units will include up to 1,000 rare types, a call for which often touches off a transcontinental alarm to round up donors. Dr. Allen points to a corkboard listing the rarest of the 500 types now in stock. A Philadelphia doctor recently phoned the center and asked, not too hopefully, whether it could find donors with an extremely rare blood type. "I don't know about donors," replied the center's duty officer. "Just tell me how many units you want." The doctor wanted eight. He got them.

BIRTH CONTROL

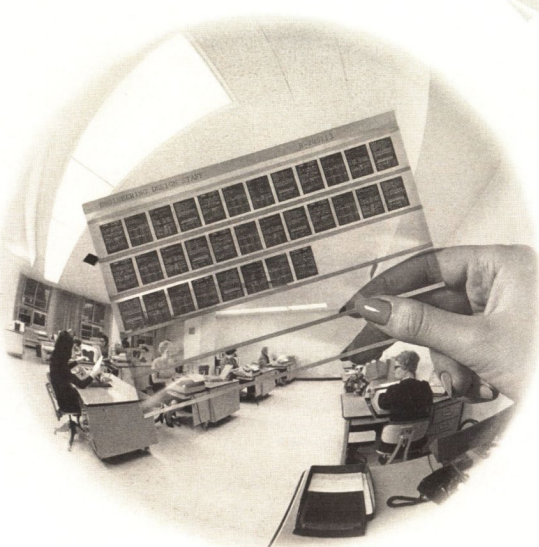
Consequences of Conception

South America's republics have the highest population growth rates in the world, far outstripping their economies' ability to feed the multiplying mouths. Such pressure has built up in favor of birth control and abortion that last week the continent convened its first inter-American conference on population policies. Among many revealing statements, the most searingly candid came from Colombia's President Carlos Lleras Restrepo:

"I have visited the poorest slums of the republic and recommend the same visit to the people who examine the population problem above all from the moral point of view. What can we say of the frequent incest: of the primitive sexual experiences; of the miserable treatment of children; of the terrible proliferation of prostitution of children of both sexes; of frequent abortion; of almost animal union because of alcoholic excesses?

"It is, in consequence, impossible for me to sit back and examine the morality or immorality of contraceptive practices without thinking at the same time of the immoral and frequently criminal conditions that the simple act of conception can produce in the course of time."

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MILESTONES

Born. To Winston Spencer Churchill, 26, Sir Winston's journalist grandson (*The Six Day War*), and Minnie d'Er-langer Churchill, 27; their third child, second daughter; in London.

Married. Joseph S. Clark, 65, two-term Democratic Senator from Pennsylvania; and Iris Cole Richey, 46, one-time PR woman; he for the third time, she for the second; in Washington, two weeks after Clark was divorced by Noel Hall Clark, his wife of 32 years.

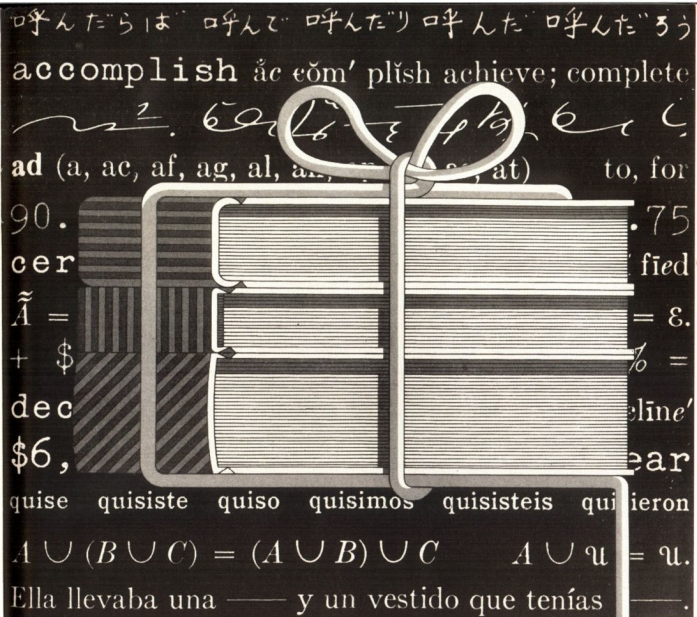
Divorced. José Ferrer, 55, film star (*Enter Laughing*); by Songstress Rosemary Clooney, 39, his third wife; for the second time; after 14 years of marriage, five children; on grounds of mental cruelty; in Santa Monica, Calif.

Died. Varian M. Fry, 59, perpetrator of one of World War II's neater coups, who in 1940 went to Vichy France, as head of a privately sponsored Emergency Relief Committee ostensibly organized to provide money for blacklisted intellectuals, in reality operated for 24 months as an underground railroad, spiriting some 1,500 people out of the country (among them: Painter Marc Chagall, Physicist Otto Meyerhoff) until authorities at last expelled Fry; of a heart attack; in Easton, Conn.

Died. Thomas E. Millsop, 68, retired president (1954-61) and chairman (1961-64) of National Steel Corp., fourth biggest U.S. producer; of a heart attack; in Weirton, W.Va. Millsop signed on as a Weirton Steel salesman in 1927, was president within nine years, moved up to head parent National in 1954, then girded for the future, installing computerized equipment and a huge new Chicago mill. Result: National was the only company among steel's Big Eight to show a sales increase (16%) during the industry's 1957-62 slump.

Died. Leonard P. Lord, Baron Lambury of Northfield, 71, retired chairman of British Motor Corp., world's sixth largest automaker (behind Fiat), who rose from draftsman to managing director of Morris Motors, then in 1938 joined archrival Austin Motor Co., where he became chairman in 1945, and in 1951 engineered the Morris-Austin merger into B.M.C.; of a heart attack; in Gloucestershire.

Died. Rupert Edward Cecil Guinness, Earl of Iveagh, 93, fifth-generation boss of Guinness Stout, world's second largest brewer (just after Anheuser-Busch), who took over Ireland's largest private employer in 1927, plunged into export trade, saturating British pubgoers with "My Goodness, My Guinness" billboards, and before retiring in 1962 made it the world's largest beer exporter; in Woking, England.



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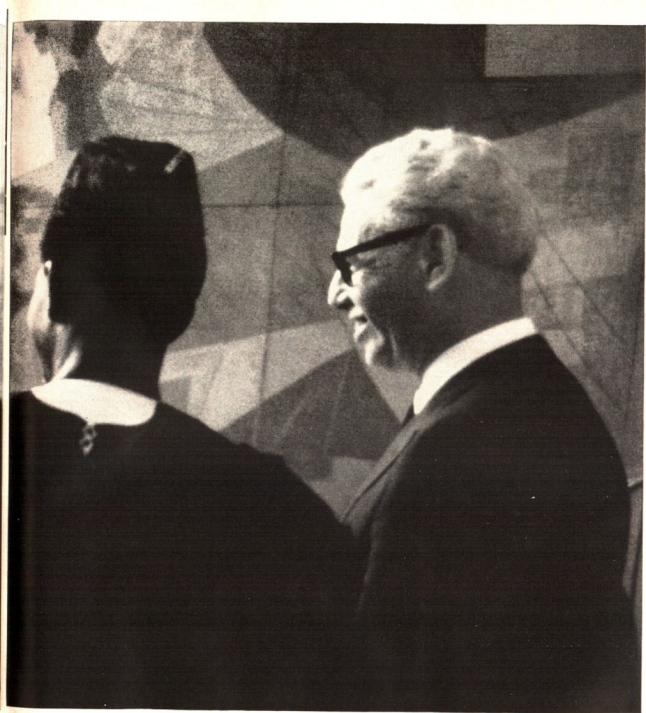



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There are things to hear: from the melodious English of a Korean tour guide (there are guides from 36 countries) to a delegate's speech in his native tongue, simultaneously translated into Chinese, English, French, Russian and Spanish.

But best of all are the things you *feel*. In the buzzing of 3400 Secretariat employees and 2000 representatives of 117 countries, hope is palpable. You realize that if nations

are already cooperating, they can continue to cooperate; that if the UN hasn't solved all the world's problems in 20 years, at least it's begun. (Consider the 117 countries: 40 of them gained their independence within the past 10 years, with the help of the UN.)

The miracle on 45th Street is that the United Nations is *there*, working hard, day by day, for peace on earth. It sounds corny, but it's true.

We're not sure the young visitor at the left knows it, but talking to the Japanese Attaché and the Mali Representative is United States Ambassador to the UN, Arthur Goldberg.

21,000 visitors come to the UN every week. Tours start every 10 minutes from 9:15 am to 4:45 pm, 7 days a week, cost \$1.25 for adults, 50¢ for children and students, last one hour, and will fill many letters home.

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U.S. BUSINESS

AUTOS

The Show Goes On

Despite the strike, the Ford Motor Co. last week displayed some of its leading entries in the 1968 model sweepstakes—and did it with a flair. Greeting the press at the La Costa Country Club in Carlsbad, Calif.—about as far from the Detroit picket lines as the company could get—Ford Division Manager M. S. ("Matt") McLaughlin buoyantly said that dealers will soon have 67,000 of the '68 models on hand. He also managed to seem happy while noting that 158,000 of the '67s are waiting to be sold at a buyer's price. Proclaimed McLaughlin: "It's still business as usual at Ford dealerships."

Dealer supplies, of course, may well run out before the strike ends. In the meantime, Ford is offering a tempting array of old favorites and one entirely new series. For Ford's Mustang, which has triggered hot competition in the sporty-specialty-car field (see following story), the changes for 1968 are modest: one makes air scoops on the hood standard instead of optional. The '68 Thunderbird is also virtually unchanged except for the substitution of a three-person front seat for two bucket seats.

The Spoiler. Ford's new series, called the Torino, is an effort to cash in on Detroit's growing emphasis on sporty styling and intermediate size. Marketed with the Fairlane line, the Torino features the elongated hood and abbreviated rear end that has caught on in the specialty cars; it comes in hardtop, sedan and station wagon, as well as a racier "GT" model equipped with a 210-h.p. V-8 (engines with up to 390

h.p. are optional). The standard Fairlanes have also been streamlined, their bodies stretched out by a full 4 in.

As at Ford, General Motors' Chevrolet and Oldsmobile are also leaving their standard sedans basically intact, concentrating instead on sprucing up their sports and medium-sized models. Oldsmobile's F-85 and Cutlass coupés, for example, have shorter rears and new, gently flowing roof lines. Similarly, Olds's Toronado has a more svelte appearance, thanks to a toning down of the overly sculpted "walls" that run along the tops of both front fenders.

Chevrolet has performed a face-lifting on its Chevy II, providing it with more graceful lines and a longer wheelbase, both of which go a long way toward eliminating the car's boxy appearance. Coming in for the biggest changes at Chevrolet is the Corvette. Rakishly restyled, with a body 7 in. longer than present models, the '68 Corvette has high-backed seats, hideaway windshield wipers and jet-age gizmos like the "spoiler"—a raised airflow deflector that adds a decorative touch to the rear deck, also helps reduce the danger of spin-outs at high speeds.

The Price. As if that were not far enough out, Britain's Rolls-Royce announced last week that it would introduce a new four-passenger convertible in the U.S. this fall. Heavy on pushbutton controls and fitted leather appointments, the handmade car boasts a gently swelling silhouette designed to appeal to American buyers. With characteristic British understatement, Rolls described the car's horsepower—about 325—as "adequate." That also goes for the price: \$34,200.

Irreverence at American

"Hey, hey, I just saw that secret new sports car American Motors built." With that, a sharply pointed pole sails out of nowhere, embedding itself in the speaker's chest. Sinking to the ground, he gasps: "It's called the Javelin."

Using 20-second television teasers to pique interest in its brand-new Javelin specialty car, American Motors Corp. last week launched a nationwide advertising campaign designed to put the company on the road to recovery. To plug its 1968 models, the automaker is relying on 18-month-old Wells, Rich, Greene, Inc., which was already Madison Avenue's hottest new ad agency (other clients: Braniff airlines, Benson & Hedges 100s) when it picked up A.M.C.'s \$12 million account last June. The full measure of the agency's upstart audacity will become evident by the time its client's '68s go on sale next week. Abandoning the teasers, Wells, Rich, Greene will start hurling its barbs directly at Detroit's Big Three.

Gum-Chewing Floozy. Instead of sponsored shows, the campaign will rely heavily on prime-time TV spot commercials with an irreverence that the auto industry has seldom seen. To tout American Motors' 1968 Ambassador, which boasts air conditioning as standard equipment, one commercial features a gum-chewing floozy strolling along a desert road; she refuses to be picked up by drivers of non-A.M.C. cars, but happily hops into a cool, comfortable Ambassador. Another commercial spoofs Detroit's penchant for depicting its cars in country-club surroundings. It shows elegantly coiffed beauties swoop-



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FORD MUSTANG



CHEVROLET CORVETTE



ROLLS-ROYCE CONVERTIBLE

For the old favorites, new grace and gizmos.



TV AD FOR A.M.C.'S JAVELIN
Barb or boomerang?

ing from swank settings into modest A.M.C. Rebels just as contentedly as if the cars were Continentals. Meanwhile, an off-camera voice proclaims: "Either we're charging too little for our cars or everyone else is charging too much."

The economy theme is just as pronounced in the Javelin ads. Aimed at the burgeoning youth market, they tackle Ford's successful Mustang head-on with the pitch that the Javelin, while similarly priced (about \$2,500), offers such values as contour bumpers, bigger engines and more leg room. To dramatize the car's jumbo gas tank (19 gallons v. the Mustang's 16), one television commercial shows a gang of toughs—"Hey hood, look at the hood!" their leader shouts—siphoning petrol from a parked Javelin. A magazine ad goes even further in highlighting the Javelin's supposed advantages by picturing it side by side with a Mustang—even though the latter is a '67 model, while the Javelin is a '68. Wells, Rich, Greene reports that it tried without success to borrow a not-yet-released '68 Mustang from Ford.

Ford Division's advertising chief, John Morrissey, professes to welcome the Javelin campaign, insists that "I'll take all the Mustang exposure I can get." Nonetheless, other Ford executives have made no secret of their unhappiness with Wells, Rich, Greene, particularly over a statement by the agency's blonde president, Mary Wells, that the American Motors campaign was directed at people who "think that Detroit is fleecing the public."

Airline Thefts. At least one of Wells, Rich, Greene's ideas has already boomeranged. In her dealings with Braniff, Mary Wells persuaded the airline to paint its jets in pastel hues and garb its stewardesses in Pucci-designed uniforms. But a Wells ad showing an elderly woman passenger stealing everything from a Braniff blanket to the plane itself has had the unintended effect of dramatically increasing the line's theft rate. No matter how the American Motors campaign goes over, however, there

are hopes that some of the company's cars will sell well. Based on optimism expressed by its dealers, A.M.C. last week announced that it will increase production of '68 Javelins and Rambler Americans by 14%.

Also taking a few swipes at the Big Three is Sweden's Volvo, the third largest auto importer (after Volkswagen and Opel), whose upcoming ad campaign is being handled by an even newer agency, Manhattan's Scali, McCabe, Sloves, Inc. To push Volvo, its only commercial account (approximate billing: \$3,500,000), the ambitious, five-month-old agency is carrying on a Volkswagen-style campaign extolling Volvo's durability, high gas mileage, out-of-the-past lines and resistance to annual model changeovers. One Volvo ad pictures an all-paper car, which is pointedly described as the "logical next step" in Detroit-style auto obsolescence.

BUILDING

Homes on the Range

San Francisco Merchant James Irvine could hardly have reckoned the size of the legacy he set up back in the 1880s, when he wove three Spanish land grants into a single parcel of Southern California countryside. Rolling 22 miles inland from the Pacific coast, his Irvine Ranch has remained virtually intact as an 83,000-acre spread, nearly six times the size of Manhattan. Originally devoted to sheep and cattle, over the years the land has been turned to farming (barley, potatoes, wheat) and later to citrus on a vast scale. The real crop began coming in only a decade or so ago, with the steady outward creep of urban Los Angeles, 35 miles to the north. As the megalopolis sprawl pressed at its fences, Irvine's real estate value soared to well over \$1 billion.

Now the ranch is beginning to cash in. Last week, completing the first step of a project that may rank as one of

the biggest land developments in the U.S., the Irvine Company opened a \$20 million, 75-acre super shopping center called Fashion Island. The center embraces 56 handsome stores strung along a broad, tree-lined pedestrian mall overlooking the Pacific. Aiming at well-heeled shoppers from suburban Newport Beach and Balboa as well as Los Angeles, Fashion Islanders expect to ring up sales of \$35 million a year.

Master Plan. The center is only part of Los Angeles Architect William Pereira's master plan (TIME cover, Sept. 6, 1963) to develop Irvine in an orderly way that will avoid swamping land values all around, block the spreading disarray of the ranch's municipal neighbor to the north. Centered on the University of California's new Irvine campus, for which the company shrewdly donated 1,000 acres in 1960, the plan calls for an industrial park (which already has 60 contracted occupants, including McDonnell Douglas and Xerox) and residential sectors now abuilding to combine into a self-supporting community of 150,000 by 1990.

However ambitious, the program by no means represents Irvine's last round-up. Confining development to 40,000 acres along the coast, the company will keep its rich central plains under cultivation, preserve its inland mountain acreage as a wilderness recreation area. And while some companies have been allowed to buy plant sites outright (at prices as high as \$32,000 an acre), the bulk of the developed property will be leased rather than sold—which guarantees Irvine a handsome income, plus the chance to sell out later at still higher prices.

Though Irvine's development was inevitable, if only because of rising land taxes, it did not take to its new role without some struggles. Historically, the company was secretive and suspicious of outsiders—a tone set by the founder's son and sole heir, mustachioed James Irvine Jr. For most of his 55



SHOPPERS AT IRVINE RANCH'S FASHION ISLAND NEAR LOS ANGELES
By no means the last roundup.

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years as bossman, irascible "J.I." ruled the range from the spread's white frame "Mansion," battling with squatters, poachers and Government agents. At off-the-ranch social occasions, he liked to bring along a pack of unhousebroken dogs to express whatever pique he might hold against his hosts. Found dead of a heart attack at 80 in a Montana creek, where he had gone on a fishing trip, J.I. had tried to preserve the ranch forever by willing controlling interest to a foundation ruled largely by his close friends.

Joan's Crusade. Eventually, that stirred up more dust than the Hollywood movies (including *All Quiet on the Western Front*), which used the ranch as a favorite location. Lissome blonde Granddaughter Joan Irvine, now 34 and in her fourth marriage, took up J.I.'s manner, if not his mind. Beginning in 1957, she used her 20% stockholding to launch a series of court and boardroom broadsides against the "old bozos" in the foundation, sniping at the ranch's \$800,000 annual dividend

AVIATION

Here Comes the Bus

A sort of jet plain Jane that goes by the name of air bus may soon become a hot new piece of airline equipment. The concept—a subsonic jet with double the passenger capacity of jets currently flying short- and medium-range runs—has been in the talking stage in both the U.S. and Europe for over two years. Now Lockheed Aircraft Corp. plans a 600-m.p.h., \$15.6 million model which, if it draws enough orders, could go into production as early as next spring.

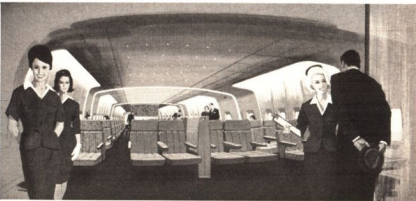
Designated the L-1011, Lockheed's air bus is the second of two projects on which the company had been pinning its hopes for re-entry into the commercial air-frame business, a field that it left (except for business jets) in 1962, when it rolled out the last of 170 turboprop Electras. The No. 1 target was the Government-supported program to build a U.S. supersonic transport. When its SST hopes crashed last

Lockheed expects an 800-plane market for the air bus by 1980, on grounds that it will become a physical as well as economic necessity. Designed for the long haul, Douglas' 250-passenger "stretched" DC-8 and Boeing's upcoming 490-passenger 747 and SST will not even begin to handle all the future growth in air travel, which is expected to more than double in eight years. Flocks of smaller, short-haul planes are even now jamming air corridors and ground terminals. Reflecting the desire of many airlines for more seats but fewer planes is the fact that Boeing's ubiquitous 131-passenger 727, in service for only three years, is being expanded to a 180-seat version. "Without the air bus," says Lockheed Project Chief Robert A. Bailey, "you'd have an all-aluminum overcast by 1975 on major U.S. routes."

Lockheed was by no means first to see the silver lining in that vision. European airlines began calling for an air bus back in 1963, and the British, French and German governments got



LOCKHEED'S L-1011



ECONOMY-CLASS CABIN

One way to clear that solid aluminum overcast.

as peanuts and charging mismanagement. The range war deepened in 1959, when Myford Irvine, Joan's uncle and J.I.'s successor, was discovered in the mansion basement, dead of two shotgun wounds in the stomach and a bullet in the head—a mysterious case that was officially ruled a suicide.

Irvine's board finally caved in to Joan's crusade, in 1960 hired Planner Pereira to map out his development program. Not that Joan now considers the West won. Hired on as a neutral non-family company president in 1960, former Navy Secretary (under Eisenhower) and TWA President (under Howard Hughes) Charles Thomas soon likened his job to facing "crossed swords." Even now, Joan has another antifoundation suit pending in court. William R. Mason, an engineer who succeeded Thomas in 1966, can say with some authority that "to my knowledge, there is no land program in the country which compares with what we have under way here."

January (rival Boeing got the contract), the company immediately turned to the air bus. Seemingly unfazed by the \$500 million development bill that Lockheed will have to foot on its own, Chairman Daniel J. Haughton is convinced that "this airplane will be a winner."

Physical & Economic. Though capable of transcontinental runs, the L-1011 is designed to shine on such medium-range (up to 2,000 miles), high-density hops as the rich New York-Miami run. With 227 to 300 passengers in a comfortable two-aisle layout (six abreast in first class, eight or nine in economy), it promises to whiz along for under 1¢ per passenger mile—less than any existing jet. That efficiency, and the fact that it can use runways too short for smaller, four-engine airliners, is the result of the plane's major technological advance: Lockheed will use three 33,000-lb.-thrust turbofan engines (two mounted under the wings and one in the tail) like the ones slated for its huge C-5A military transport.

an aircraft-manufacturing consortium together to cash in on the demand. Their early lead disappeared as the partners fell to feuding. They also suffered a rude shock when American Airlines Chairman C. R. Smith allowed as how he would have none of a twin-jet design, considered anything less than three engines in a 300-passenger plane foolhardy for safety reasons.

The Europeans may end up in the back of the bus altogether. Other U.S. companies are stirring with plans—Boeing with a 757, McDonnell Douglas a DC-10. And last week, while Lockheed was getting word around that the L-1011 could be in service in 1972, the European troika was bucking along as usual. Scheduled to join its partners in signing a long-delayed agreement to start talking specifications, France abruptly demurred, demanding more time for study. Such time-outs pretty much assure that the Europeans will not get into the game until 1973 at the earliest.

The enemy: 30-foot tides, 5 feet of ice and a sea of mud

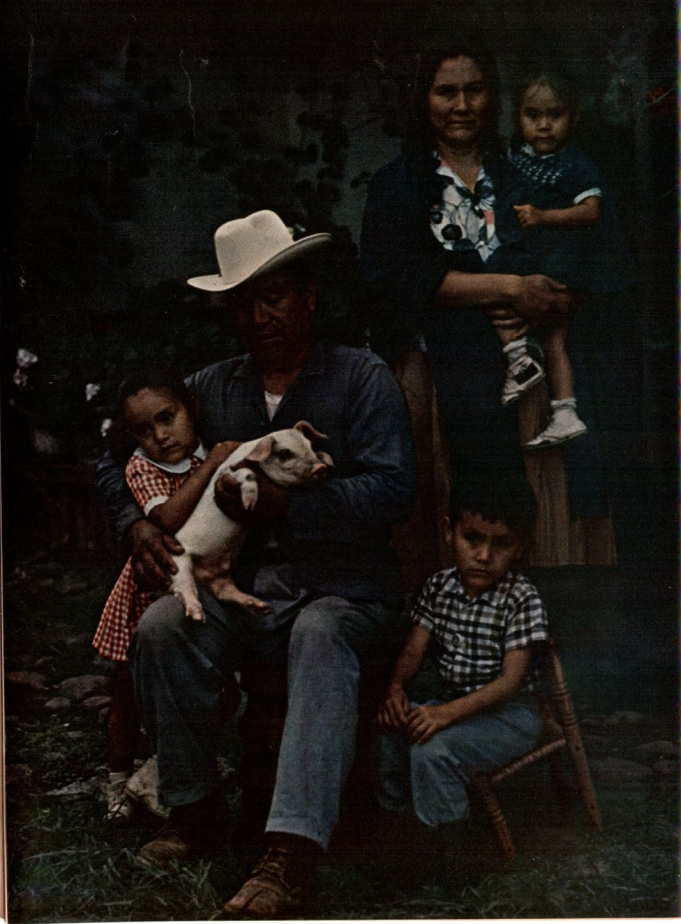
The oil potential of Alaska is estimated to rival that of Texas. And Atlantic Richfield is already taking 21,000 barrels of oil a day from the Cook Inlet area. Our exploration continues on 1.5 million net acres throughout Alaska. But the hazards are great. In the Inlet, giant tides drive thick ice floes against oil rigs like battering rams. On the North Slope, we fight minus 68° F in winter and axle-deep mud in summer. But sparking new oil discoveries under any conditions is important at Atlantic Richfield.



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These average Americans earn 75¢ a day.

They're Latin Americans. And that's what the average Latin American earns.

It's little enough by any standards. But in this case, it's especially shameful. Because it points up the enormity of the Latin's struggle against a long tradition of poverty, inflation and revolution.

The United States, of course, is helping through the Alliance for Progress. And the Latins themselves are attempting to move things along by forming a Common Market.

But these are essentially government-to-government programs, working from the top down. It will take almost a generation before any substantial effects filter down to the common man.

And he can't wait that long.

The average Latin American is already eating less than he did 25 years ago. And with the highest birth rate in the world, he's expected to double his number in another 35 years.

What he needs most is help on a more immediate level. And he needs it now. Not tomorrow.

Private business is the logical source for that help.

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found that out almost 15 years ago when it pioneered animal health in Latin America.

We sent animal husbandry specialists right into the villages to help the peasant farmer. Acting as teacher-consultants, they worked with him by day and taught him by night.

They held community meetings and used films, outside speakers, and anything else they could come up with to help him improve his methods and increase animal production.

As a result, today Squibb is one of the largest producers of animal health products in Latin America.

But what's important to the 15 countries who use them is that every one of our more than 150 animal husbandry specialists is a Latin American. And most—eventually all—Squibb products are manufactured locally, by local people.

Thus, thousands of jobs in an expanding industry are being created for Latin Americans by Latin Americans.

Imagine how much more can be done if enough other companies create such programs. And they should. Because besides helping our neighbors, it's also good business.

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TYCOONS

Action in Las Vegas

By his own account, Frank Sinatra has "admired and respected Howard Hughes for many years." But last week his feelings became less felicitous. While Recluse Hughes remained in his suite in Las Vegas' Desert Inn, which he bought last March, Frank was doing his best to tear down another recent Hughes acquisition, the Sands Hotel. Drowning his sorrow after his casino credit was cut off at a mere \$200,000, Sinatra 1) tried unsuccessfully to set fire to his suite, 2) jerked all the telephone jacks and trunk lines out of the hotel's switchboard, 3) promised a pit boss that "I'm gonna break both your

JOE HERRY © 1987 BY NEA, INC.



"OH, ISN'T HE CUTE—HE LOOKS JUST LIKE FRANK SINATRA!"

legs." 4) overturned a table on the casino's credit manager who, in return, threw a punch that separated Frank from the caps on his two front teeth, and 5) announced that he was ending his 16-year association with the Sands and moving to Caesars Palace.

All this made headlines—and obscured the fact that Howard Hughes, 61, has quietly been making news of his own. Picking up properties around Las Vegas, he has, in addition to the Sands and Desert Inn, bought Alamo Airways and the Krupp ranch in Red Rock Canyon. Hughes already owned 30,000 acres of Nevada land.

Why the intensive interest in Las Vegas? Primarily, it is because Nevada has no income tax—a natural draw to Hughes, whose net worth is over a billion. As to his plans, a clue came when Hughes Aide Robert Maheu carried a statement to the Las Vegas Review-Journal. It was Hughes's first utterance for publication in seven years. "I have," said Hughes, "heard of plans to enlarge Las Vegas' McCarran Field." Instead, Hughes suggested, it might be a good idea to build a new airport far-

ther from town. Then Las Vegas might "just barely turn out" to be the southwestern center for the U.S.'s supersonic transport planes of the 1970s.

While state officials hoped that the Hughes statement meant that he was about to build a rumored industrial center at Vegas, Federal Aviation Agency officials were quick to warn that to move McCarran away from the city would be a mistake. Then came another surprise—a second statement from Hughes, in which he predicted that Las Vegas could eventually grow to the size of Houston. If this happens, said Hughes, "the present location of McCarran Field would be approximately comparable to having the airport for Los Angeles located on Wilshire Boulevard at the Miracle Mile."

Out of all this came only one predictable thing about unpredictable Howard Hughes: if he has his way, Las Vegas property values will skyrocket.

DESIGN

Renaissance Skipper

"We have turned the auto into a virility symbol, and we can make the house into something equally pleasing." So says Industrial Designer William Theodore Snaith, 59, who gets paid for thinking up such things—in this case, \$200,000 by 28 manufacturers whose fortunes depend heavily on housing. Snaith decided that one thing ailing the invalid housing industry is that today's houses are built to appeal to women (with emphasis on bathrooms and bedrooms) instead of men (who like foyers and dining rooms). He regards kitchens as neutral territory, half favored by men, half resented by women (because they spend so much time cooking there). As a result, continues Snaith, "it's the man who doesn't want to move. Nobody provides him with a stimulus to buy a house."

As one of the largest industrial-design firms in the U.S., with revenues well above \$3,000,000 a year, Manhattan's Raymond Loewy/William Snaith, Inc. is presently working on a new flooring for Monsanto, business machines for Pitney-Bowes, packages for Nabisco. Snaith recently designed the interior of a new Wanamaker's at King of Prussia, Pa., is planning a marina-office-motel complex in Connecticut and a vacation-house development in Vermont. Last week Fairchild-Hiller commissioned the firm to design the interiors for its twinjet F-228.

Fragrance at Sea. Snaith calls industrial designers "the 20th century's Renaissance men," and his own interests certainly fit that label. He is author, decorator, designer, consumer analyst, critic, raconteur, painter, gourmet cook and popular after-dinner speaker. His canvases have won respectful reviews in four Manhattan exhibits. His first book, a diatribe about trends in art and architecture called *The Irresponsible Arts*, drew mostly critical barbs, but *Across*

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SNATH WITH A SNATH PAINTING
Trying to fit the label.

the Western Ocean fared better. It consists mostly of the log of two trips in his 47-ft. yawl, *Figaro III*. In the book, Skipper Snaith, one of the world's top transoceanic sailors, wrote: "We are all swarthy in our many layers of clothing. This morning I thought I smelled a horse. When I turned around to look, there was nobody but me."

Brooklyn-born Snaith was a high school dropout who later studied architecture at New York University and, after a brief tour as a Left Bank painter, began scratching a living as an architectural draftsman in Manhattan. After a while, he caught on as a designer of commercial interiors and in 1936 joined Loewy, one of industrial design's pioneers, to help fashion the cabins of TWA's Boeing Stratoliners. Snaith became a partner in 1944, managing partner in 1956, and president in 1961. Loewy, now 74, still retains half ownership of the company, but spends six months of the year abroad running a separate French firm.

The Edible Package. Having bounced back from a mild heart attack two years ago, Snaith is still zestfully looking for new arts and businesses to master. Sculpture beckons, as does real estate development. As for packaging, the number of products is rising so much faster than floor space in supermarkets that Snaith foresees the day when some items may have to be sold by a combination of TV, phone and computer. Some packages may have to shrink, says Snaith, and others may well be converted into something consumable—in other words, the wrapping will be edible.



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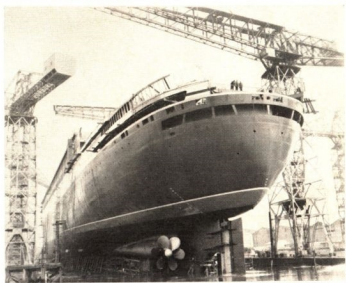
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HULL NO. 763 ON THE WAYS IN CLYDEBANK
Time for a more sophisticated lady.

BRITAIN

Long Live the Q

Britain's ancient pride in its merchant marine has been battered recently by some mighty waves. First the stately *Queen Mary*, too stuffy for enjoyable Caribbean cruising and too expensive to maintain on the declining transatlantic run, was sold to the city of Long Beach, Calif. After its 1,001st Atlantic crossing and a nostalgic final voyage around South America, the 31-year-old three-stacker will be converted into a floating museum and entertainment center. Last week, lured by the publicity value of such a venture, Honolulu bid to get the larger *Queen Elizabeth* next year when she is taken out of service for similar reasons. The world's largest passenger ship, in an unlikely ending, would be set atop a coral reef overlooking Waikiki Beach.

This week, however, British mariners can take hope. At the same Clydebank shipyard of John Brown & Co., Ltd. where the *Queens* were launched, *Queen Elizabeth II* will smash a champagne bottle to send the Cunard Line's newest flagship down the ways. The vessel, known up to launch time as "Q-4" or "Hull No. 763," is slightly smaller than the *Queens* and, owing to modern materials, vastly lighter (58,000 tons v. *Elizabeth's* 82,997). And, to the relief of a British government that is underwriting much of its cost, it will also be more economical to run.

From a technical point of view, the *Queens'* successor will be a more sophisticated lady. The ship is 13 ft. narrower and draws 7 ft. less water, which means that, unlike them, it can transit the Panama and Suez canals and call at ports they had difficulty entering.

Bow thrusters, or auxiliary propellers, will make maneuvering easier in small harbors and help with docking. A computer will solve navigational problems and monitor machinery, even keep tabs on the passengers' bar bills. From a traveler's point of view, the new vessel will be equally modern. Except for a few special rooms at premium rates for status seekers, most of the 2,025 passengers will travel single-class. Their restaurants and lounges will all be top-side, instead of in the bowels, and 75% of the cabin space will be on the sunlit outside of the ship.

Following the trend in liner operation—to make up for transatlantic trade lost to jets by offering leisure voyages—the ship will cross the North Atlantic in warm weather, switch to southern waters for winter cruising. From keel up, it is designed to do either in such a way as to return a profit. Which, for all their traditions, is something the *Queens* did not always do.

WEST GERMANY

Melding Steel

Bigness is no longer something for which steelmakers of the war-splintered Ruhr have to apologize. With fierce competition in the steel market, mergers to streamline production are becoming a must for survival. For a year now, 29 German steel producers have been coordinating their sales and investments through four regional cartels regarded as laboratories for eventual mergers. Last week two major steel companies, the legendary August Thyssen-Hütte and the oldest Ruhr steel producer, Hüttenwerk Oberhausen A.G. (HOAG), announced merger plans that would make them the world's fourth

largest steel company, after U.S. Steel, the recently nationalized British Steel Corp. and Bethlehem Steel.

To Thyssen's present capacity of 8,500,000 tons of steel HOAG will add another 2,500,000 tons; combined annual sales may amount to \$2 billion, moving the new enterprise up to third place among West German corporations, with only Volkswagen and Siemens ahead in sales. The deal, still to be approved by the Commission of the European Communities in Brussels, is to be effected by offering HOAG stockholders a total of \$150 million in Thyssen shares and \$25 million in cash.

Other mergers are in the air. Hoesch, the eighth largest German steelmaker, took the plunge last year when it absorbed Dortmund-Hörder Hüttenunion. Until recently, Krupp was believed to be considering merging with Thyssen; now Klöckner is said to be a potential Krupp partner. And two more companies, Salzgeber and Isder Hütte, are eyeing each other as possible mates.

INVESTMENT

In Foul Weather,

A Wild Blue Yonder

Despite some foul economic weather, stock prices are soaring on both sides of the English Channel:

In London, industrials have gone up 20% over the past year, two weeks ago hit an alltime high. All this came in the face of the facts that: for the third successive year, corporate profits are down; dividends have been cut by one-third of the companies reporting so far in 1967; the United Kingdom's economic growth rate lurches along at an annual 2%, and the balance-of-payments problem is far from solved. "There is no economic justification for the rise," said the *Economist*. One explanation for the surge is a nationwide trend toward mergers, which has reduced the number of shares on the market and generated more liquidity in search of new investment.

In Paris, stock values climbed an average 10% during August, blue chips have gone up by an average 25%, and some (such as Rhône-Poulenc and Michelin) skyrocketed by 40% or more. Yet the French economy remains in the doldrums. Unemployment is high, industrial production is sluggish, and most French businessmen are worried about the July 1, 1968, deadline when disappearing Common Market tariff barriers will expose them to harsher competition. Reasons for the stock climb: Bourse prices simply got so low that they began to look like bargain-basement buys to investors throughout Europe; the French government intervened to inspire stock purchasing by, among other things, allowing French companies to use up to 10% of their capital to buy their own shares.

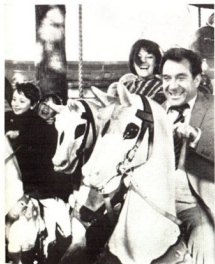
One Man's Families

The **Climax**. The father-to-be nervously paces the hospital corridor, demanding reassurance from doctors and nurses about the coming birth of his child. Surely, the audience decides, it must be his first. But there he is in a phone booth, being fatherly to a family of two young daughters, a 17-year-old boy and pretty brunette wife. He sends them off on a seaside vacation, and there he is on the phone again, talking to another family of two young boys and a pretty blonde mother.

So much domestic bliss would be hard on any man. For Sergio Masini, first violinist in a Roman symphony orchestra, it is literally a labor of love: he adores all three of his families and is scrupulously fair to each. Giulia (Renée Longarini) is his legal wife; Adela (Maria Grazia Carmassi), a onetime opera singer, became his mistress when he began to console her for her crackling voice; and Marisa (Stefania Sandrelli) is a young country girl who fell in love with him at a concert and followed him to Rome. Each of them gets nine phone calls a day from him—a staggering consumption of time and small change.

But this is nothing compared with the meals he consumes in triplicate or the multiple birthdays, anniversaries and holidays that must all be observed. New Year's Eve, for instance, he celebrates an hour ahead of time with Giulia and children (explaining that he has an orchestra engagement to keep); then follows a tender phone call to Adela and children, then a nightclub date with Marisa. His best friend's child has to be baptized twice so that both Giulia and Adela can be godmothers.

There is nothing really gay about



LONGARINI & TOGNAZZI IN "CLIMAX"
Trials of trigamy.

TIME, SEPTEMBER 22, 1967

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this deceiver. As played by Ugo Tognazzi, he is a victim of his own capacity for compassion; it saddens him that all three of his families cannot be united—not for convenience' sake, but for love. Instead of heaving a sigh of relief when Marisa leaves him to go home, Sergio pursues her—and gets beaten up in rescuing her from her angry peasant family. Though his premiums are soaring, he insists on taking out equal insurance policies for all three women. To make ends meet, he begins moonlighting as a jazz pianist in a honky-tonk. A new complication is added when his son finds him there and dismisses him contemptuously as a buffoon.

Climax has stopped being funny now, as Sergio literally begins to die of loving. Unfortunately, Producer-Writer-Director Pietro Germi almost spoils his curiously bittersweet comedy about the trials of trigamy with a mawkish funeral finale in which Sergio's voice provides a disembodied commentary. But not even this last false touch dims the luster of Actor Tognazzi's exquisitely humane performance as a man who loves not wisely but too well.

Old Spooker

Games seems to have been put together by a new producer-director team with old ideas. "O.K.," they might have said, "for a Name we have Simone Signoret—46 years old, French accent—let's make her the heavy in a thriller-chiller. She used to work with Clouzot, didn't she? Remember his *Diabolique*, about a guy spooking his wife with a faked murder? Great! Remember that other wife-spooker, *Gaslight*—all in a terrific Victorian house? Great! Only let's make it a terrific modern house—mod, pop, camp, the sophisticated rich, and the decadent games they play. *Games People Play*. *Games* . . . say, that's not a bad title!"

This may not have been precisely the way Producer George Edwards and Director Curtis Harrington produced the twelve-page story outline they gave Scriptwriter Gene Kearney, but it is about the way things worked out. Old Pro Signoret walks handsomely through her part. Youngsters James Caan and Katharine Ross walk woodenly through theirs. Estelle Winwood makes an all-too-brief appearance as a nutty airtourphile. About the only fun in *Games* is the eye-beguiling set—supposedly a Manhattan brownstone at 11 East 64th Street, equipped with penny-arcade machines, fun-house mirrors, pre-Columbian sculpture, a pearl-inlaid bed, and what must be the most blood-drenched elevator between Fifth and Madison.

Cash Customer

Point Blank is one of those forgettable movies in which only the settings change—the violence remains the same. The first setting is deserted Alcatraz, where Lee Marvin lies in a cell, badly wounded and flash-backing like mad. Lee, his wife (Sharon Acker) and a



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MARVIN & ACKER IN "BLANK"
Loaded with lead.

friend have just hijacked a helicopter load of cash that some criminal syndicate had tried to deliver, for obscure reasons, to the abandoned prison. Friend and wife, however, have cut Lee out of the deal by pumping him full of lead—but not enough lead, apparently, to interfere with his swimming to the mainland.

The rest of the movie is a sado-masochistic version of an old-fashioned quest—not for a golden fleece or a Holy Grail, but for Lee's stolen share of the stolen loot. His techniques are sometimes interesting—as when he uses a white 1967 Chrysler convertible to subdue a bad-guy passenger by crashing, crunching and slamming the car into a junkyard heap. His invasion of the syndicate's impregnable penthouse (carpeted in wall-to-wall red fox fur) begins with a steamy sex wrestle and ends in a superbly vertiginous shot of a naked mobster arcing 20-odd stories into a crowded street.

The finale may be some kind of landmark in cinema type-casting, perhaps not unrelated to Frank Sinatra's new chairmanship of the American-Italian Anti-Defamation League. As Lee and his soul-mate sister-in-law (Angie Dickinson) battle their way up through the syndicate hierarchy in pursuit of his \$93,000, it turns out that the evil big shots seem neither to have been born in Sicily nor to be afflicted with five o'clock shadow, but bear such names as Brewster, Carter and Fairfax. The biggest mobster of them all (Carroll O'Connor) is downright refined. Arriving at his hideout, he grumbles that the shrubbery needs watering and the swimming pool is too cold, then expresses horror at Marvin's demand for the missing dough. "We don't handle actual cash," he gasps. "I've only got about \$11 on me."

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Hardscrabble Heroine

A GARDEN OF EARTHLY DELIGHTS by Joyce Carol Oates. 440 pages. Vanguard, \$5.95.

It sometimes struck Clara that her name had nothing to do with her at all. She felt that it was an ugly, stupid name, and if only she had a prettier one—say, Marguerite—some of her yearnings would be satisfied. Not that Clara was ever exactly sure what she was yearning for. Born in a flatbed truck on a muddy Arkansas highway, brought up in a series of squalid, lice-infested migrant labor camps, Clara simply suffered from a painfully tugging notion that life was a nasty, frightening dream, and that somehow, some day, she would wake up.

Poor and yearning little girls are standard fixtures in hardscrabble literature. Most of them, like little Clara Walpole, scheme and claw their way up from a knockabout childhood and finally wear silk dresses and live in the biggest house for miles around. But if Clara seems to be a drearily familiar type, there is a magical naturalistic quality in this book that makes her one of the most pathetically provocative literary heroines of the year.

Legerdemain of this sort is the special talent of 29-year-old Joyce Carol Oates. As she demonstrated in an earlier novel (*With Shuddering Fall*) and two volumes of short stories (*By the North Gate*, *Upon the Sweeping Flood*), she is a literary oddity. An upstate New York Yankee, she creates countrified characters who burn with the kind of short-fused violence and curious pride of privacy that have always been

the exclusive hallmark of writers from the South.

In *A Garden of Earthly Delights*, she takes Clara from the fifth and misery of migrant camps through a period as a shopgirl and finally into avaricious and vindictive middle age. Devoured by love for the men in her life and, in turn, obsessively devouring her weak bastard son, Clara eventually drifts into madness rather than give up her fierce search: "If nobody gives me what I want, I'll steal it. I want somethin'—I'm goin' to get it." Only in the last 50 or 60 pages of the book does the author loosen the string of tension that she has drawn, and the story turns unnecessarily melodramatic. In the end, what promises to be one of the most acridly realistic novels since Dreiser never quite takes the prize.

There Was A Young Man of . . .

THE LURE OF THE LIMERICK by William S. Baring-Gould. 246 pages. Potter, \$5.

"Scorn not the sonnet," wrote William Wordsworth, who had composed hundreds of those 14-line verses, some memorable, but most of them, notably his 47 sonnets on the ecclesiastical history of England, long forgotten.

Many people despise the limerick, an equally strict art form, but it survives because it is easily remembered. Until recently, limericks were mostly unprintable and constituted one of the few forms of modern oral literature. The late William S. Baring-Gould, a descendant of the author of *Onward Christian Soldiers* and an authority on nursery rhymes, took advantage of the new permissiveness to print a collection of the best five-line shockers in the language. It is one of the brightest such collections since Norman Douglas' clandestine compilation of a generation ago. Most of Baring-Gould's specimens are still unprintable by magazine conventions, since

*The limerick's an art form complex
Whose contents run chiefly to sex;
It's famous for virgins
And masculine urgin's
And vulgar erotic effects.*

These effects notwithstanding, the limerick is very far from being pornography. Indeed, it serves something largely contrary to the purposes of today's pornographers—it produces laughter. Poet Wystan Auden is quoted to this end in the current collection:

*The Marquis de Sade and Genet
Are most highly thought of today;
But torture and treachery
Are not my sort of lechery.*

So I've given my copies away.

The *Eunuch from Munich*. It is perhaps because of their humorous content that limericks have never been a popular art form with women, who, as



WILLIAM BARING-GOULD
Holiday from reason.

a class, do not enjoy a joke about sex unless they are perfectly sure that it is not a joke against sex. They cannot take with tea and sympathy the sexual troubles of the bobby from Nottingham Junction, or fertile Myrtle, or the eunuch from Munich, or the young man of St. John's. Or the fellow named Brett, who

Loved a girl in his shiny Corvette;

We know it's absurd

But the last that we heard

They hadn't untangled them yet.

The literature of the limerick is of course filled with sagas of girls who went too far:

*There was a young lady
named Gloria*

Who'd been bad

By Sir Gerald Du Maurier,

And then by six men,

Sir Gerald again,

*And the band
at the Waldorf-Astoria.*

It should not be thought that the limerick is lowbrow poetry muttered by beery men glad to get away from their wives and into the saloon. A strict art form, the limerick is the special province of the literate, old-fashioned, word-oriented man. Only those who respect and understand the magic of words can enjoy the holiday from sense in the limerick, where the rhyme as often as not dictates the sense.

One to Remember. More than 50 years ago, writes Baring-Gould, the Princeton Tiger published a publishable limerick that went:

*There was an old man of Nantucket
Who kept all his cash in a bucket;
But his daughter, named Nan,
Ran away with a man,*

And as for the bucket, Nantucket.

This innocent rhyme was instantly followed by innumerable sub-wits who varied the towns (Pawtucket, Manhasset), or thought that they could find a better last line. It is probably one or another coarse version of this that most limerick fanciers remember.

Baring-Gould, who was a promotion writer at Time Inc. until his death last month, did his scholarly best to es-



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tablish the limerick in early English tradition, with versions that reach back to the first modern lyric—"Sumer is i-cumen in"—but the classic limerick goes back no further than the work of Nonsense Master Edward Lear, who, with British understatement, always wrote a clean, rug-pulling last line. Lear might have improved the popular appeal of his work if he had been able to follow the advice of Don Marquis on the proper quality of the limerick:

*It needn't have ribaldry's taint
Or strive to make everyone faint.
There's a type that's demure
And perfectly pure
Though it helps quite a lot if it ain't.*

All in the Family

AN ANTIQUE MAN by Merrill Joan Gerber. 278 pages. Houghton Mifflin. \$4.95.

In literature nowadays, it is fashionable to joke raucously about death or use it as an existential symbol rather than write quietly and seriously about it. *An Antique Man* is an old-fashioned book. In this seemingly autobiographical first novel, the author solemnly chronicles the death of a nice man, cut down by cancer in his middle 50s. Unfortunately, the work falls considerably short of *A Death in the Family*, James Agee's classic in this genre.

Abram Goldman is a robust and endearing antique dealer with an imaginative zest for life. When he begins to suffer from leukemia, he is treated with the inevitable escalation of drugs, yet his condition deteriorates. His Jewish-mother-type wife and his daughters—one, the narrator, married with two daughters; the other, the novel's problem child, unmarried and with one foot in the Beat scene—observe his gallant but losing battle.

Such a tale is, of course, depressing. But Author Merrill Joan Gerber makes it even more so by coating it with sentimentality. A short-story writer who has published in *Redbook* and *Mademoiselle*, she seems glued to the traditional women's magazine faith—the world is blackest just before a rose-tinted dawn. After Abram's death, the problem sister marries her beatnik lover. The other sister decides that she will wear a son with her father's name—"It was all I could do in this world—all I could hope to do." Almost any death has a quantum of emotion, but because Author Gerber writes from a self-pitying, self-absorbed point of view, she grabs most of it for herself.

Unlikely Archetype

THE REVOLUTIONARY by Hans Koningsberger. 212 pages. Farrar, Straus & Giroux. \$4.95.

Hans Koningsberger is an unabashed romantic who believes that intuition is a novelist's best guide. In a few spare, insightful bedroom novels (*The Affair*, *An American Romance*), his judgment

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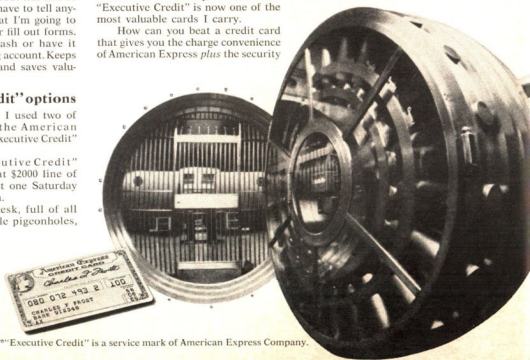
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OHIO

The Farmers National Bank & Trust Company
of Ashtabula

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could hardly be faulted. Last year, after a brief tour of Red China, Koenigsberger attempted to add his own intuition to China reportage. The result, *Love and Hate in China*, was both unknown and superficial.

Now pressing on into politics, Koenigsberger sets out to delineate the psyche of a revolutionary. In this case, the revolutionary is a young university student, known in the book only as A., who out of dislike for his bourgeois parents drifts from membership in a mild radical party to participation in an assassination plot with bomb-throwing anarchists. Any work on this subject inevitably demands comparison with some 20th century masterpieces, including Malraux's *Man's Fate* and Camus' long essay *The Rebel*. In that company, Koenigsberger is hopelessly out of place; what is more, his character is also out of date. A's home is an imaginary European country, not Africa or Asia, where the action is. Furthermore, A. is totally unversed in Mao, Ho Chi Minh or Che Guevara, who are far more relevant in the current revolutionary situations than the drawing-room Marx that A. and his friends are apt to spout.

Vengeance v. Vision

YEARS OF WAR, 1941-1945; FROM THE MORGENTHAU DIARIES by John Mortimer Blum. 526 pages. Houghton Mifflin, \$10.

As World War II drew to a close in Europe, men of vengeance and men of vision contemplated the future of Germany. There were those, like Winston Churchill, who saw both the threat of Soviet expansion into war-wasted Western Europe and the need for a revived and economically viable Germany to stand as a buffer before the Communist advance. And there were people like Ernest Hemingway, who recommended that all Nazis be castrated.

U.S. Treasury Secretary Henry Morgenthau was more or less on Hemingway's side. He proposed that Germany be broken up into autonomous agrarian states, that the Ruhr and Saar industrial complex be dismantled and carted away to Allied countries after its mines were flooded and dynamited, and that all German men between the ages of 20 and 40 be transported to Central Africa to work as slave laborers on a mammoth "international TVA."

The Real Rot. Though the "Morgenthau Plan" brought him his greatest notoriety, Henry Morgenthau Jr. was an epicenter of argument long before the German controversy arose. A wealthy Jewish apple farmer from New York's sylvan Dutchess County, he was among the first of Franklin Roosevelt's braintrusts, having gone to Washington in 1933 to administer the wrenching fiscal reforms of the New Deal. Those beginnings and the battles during which Morgenthau frequently and deliberately drew the fire of outraged bankers and businessmen to save

Declaration Of An Independent

by
Julian P. Van Winkle, Jr.
President

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Distillery

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(Reprinted by request)

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MORGENTHAU (RIGHT) IN FRANCE (1944)
More or less on Ernest's side.

F.D.R.'s political prestige were finely traced in Yale Historian John Morton Blum's first two volumes, *Years of Crisis* and *Years of Urgency*, derived from Morgenthau's copious diaries.

By Dec. 7, 1941, Morgenthau was one of the President's closest confidants and most loyal disciples. Crusty and at times a bit pompous, he was a master of intra-Cabinet maneuver and often stole the march on his fellow secretaries in influencing the President's decisions. It was he, more than any other Administration figure, who drafted the Allied economic battle plan for World War II and brought America's fiscal physique back to fighting trim.

In August 1944, Morgenthau visited the European battlefield. In Whitehall and in Dwight Eisenhower's SHAEF headquarters, he discovered with "misgivings" and "sharp disagreement" that plans were afoot to administer a conquered Germany not as a madhouse full of psychopathic killers but as a defeated nation in need of rebuilding. Like many other Americans, Morgenthau believed that only by destroying Germany's ability to wage war, through elimination of its industry, could the first steps toward "re-educating" the German people begin. The Nazis, he believed, were only surface villains (for them, Morgenthau preferred firing squads to war-crimes trials); the real rot was in the German soul. "Somebody's got to take the lead about let's be tough to the Germans," he told Assistant Secretary of War John J. McCloy on his return to Washington.

Bucolic Virtues. Morgenthau labeled as a fallacy the argument of War Secretary Henry L. Stimson and such State Department planners as Dean Acheson that Europe's economic health depended on German industrial production. By closing down the Ruhr and Saar, he



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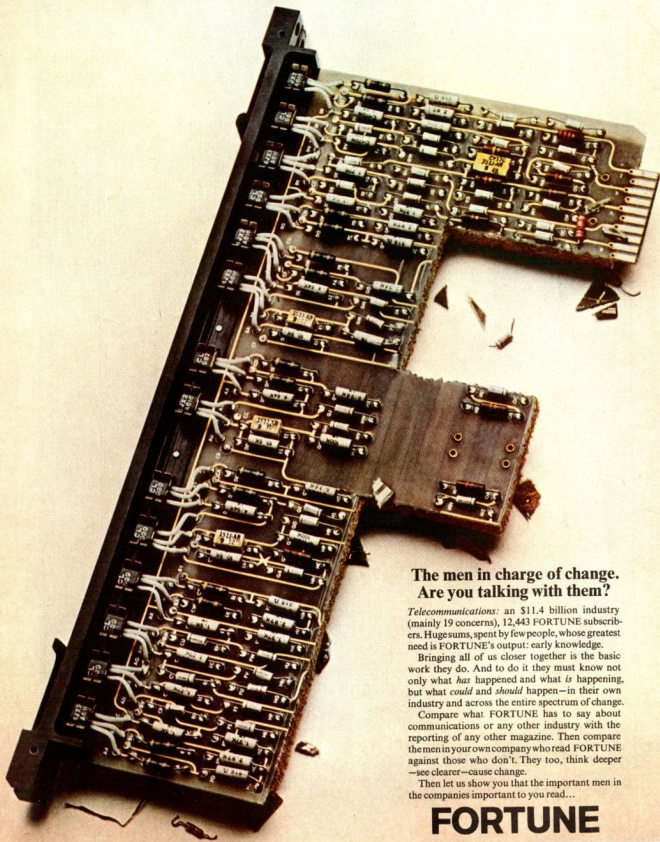
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argued, the Allies could revive the flagging industry of France, Belgium and Britain. As for the millions of Germans who would be left unemployed by such moves, Morgenthau said: "Sure, it is a terrific problem. Let the Germans solve it. Why the hell should I worry about what happens to their people?" As a farmer, Morgenthau firmly believed in the bucolic virtues as renovators of the human spirit; hence, a Germany of hops growers would be a Germany of peaceful human beings.

Morgenthau's plan, extreme as it was, forced other Administration thinkers—including a reluctant and obviously ailing F.D.R.—to give serious thought to the shape of postwar Germany. At the Quebec Conference in September 1944, Morgenthau got F.D.R. to win concessions from Churchill on a harsher German policy. Then the politics of the 1944 presidential campaign entered the equation.

Stigma of Extremism. Word of Morgenthau's Draconian design leaked to the press. Goebbels began exhorting the Reich to fight even harder in the face of defeat, since Germans had nothing to lose by death; Republican Presidential Candidate Thomas E. Dewey claimed that Morgenthau's plan had given Hitler as much of a boost as "ten fresh German divisions." Roosevelt, who at one point had mused that it might be good to return Germany to the homespun-wool economy of Dutchess County in 1810, backed warily away from both the plan and its author. F.D.R. nonetheless adhered to his policy of "unconditional surrender," which pleased Morgenthau mightily. But the stigma of extremism still surrounded him when Roosevelt died on April 12, 1945 (though on the evening before F.D.R.'s death, Morgenthau dined with him at Warm Springs and won approval for a postwar book on the plan). Before the summer was out, he had resigned from Truman's Cabinet.

The years since have, of course, proved Churchill right. Morgenthau had predicted that unless his harsh demands were met, Germany would make another war within ten years after the surrender. When this failed to happen and West Germany became a prized and democratic member of the Western Alliance, the old hawk must have been puzzled—and probably unconvinced. He died last February at 75, without having conceded his error of judgment.

How Are Things in Glocca Morra?

NO MAN'S TIME by V. S. Yanovsky.
224 pages. Weybright & Talley. \$5.

The identity problem (again) is posed here more as a conundrum than a crisis. Cornelius Yamb is hired by a gangster syndicate to track down a near-mythical youth named Bruno, heir to a fabulous fortune. The quest leads him to a remote Canadian village, where to his surprise he is welcomed as Conrad

Jamb, long-lost deacon and husband of the minister's daughter.

Yamb-Jamb is strangely drawn into the curious life of this utopian haven where time seems to have stopped just before the Industrial Revolution, and where in effect it stands still for two weeks every year (the no man's time of the title). The inhabitants of this intellectualized Glocca Morra all work at handicrafts, and their fundamentalism-cum-science theology seems to be a mixture of Billy Graham and Albert Einstein. Bruno himself turns out to be a mystical exponent of this theology. He claims to remember all of human history as if it were his biography, and he preaches that the key to identity is not the "I" of individual personality but the "we" of oneness with others and the universe.

The oneness is shattered when Cornelius hands Bruno over to the syndicate. Thereafter, in Chicago and New York, Cornelius loses his sense of himself and drifts feverishly into grubbing for a living. The girl who ran away from the village with him dies in a fire; word comes that Bruno has been senselessly murdered.

Author Yanovsky, 60, a Russian émigré physician and writer of seven novels published in Western Europe (this is the first to appear in the U.S.), seems to suggest that modern technological man has lost meaningful continuity with the broader patterns of human destiny. Yanovsky puts force into this familiar proposition by his crisp, evocative writing and the persuasive allure of his slightly disturbing utopia. At the end, he sends Cornelius back to the village to take up life there as if he had never left. It is a neat finish for his tale, but, alas, he has left the reader no road map to that village.



V. S. YANOVSKY
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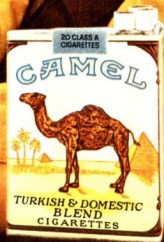
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